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**The
Poets' Library**

The Poets' Library

Arranged and Compiled
by
Arthur H. Stockwell

VOLUME XI

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Love's Stages

Spring

The snowdrop and crocus were there,
The trees their buds were nursing with care,
The new green grass through the dark ground peeping,
The birds awake, refreshed with sleeping ;
You were so young—just like the spring,
So happy and free to love everything,
Our gait was so buoyant, so light and so free,
For I loved you, as you loved me.

Summer

As the years passed on, we still had love,
But a different kind from that above—
Our love, like Spring, which blossoms more
As Summer comes in to show her store.
We knew our love could never die,
So the emblem we found on your finger lies,
And a new life started for both of us,
As our love blossomed, as we knew it must.

Autumn

Then Autumn came with joy and pain,
Just like sunshine after rain,
Like golden tints on Autumn brown,
Our love was sweet on the hill down.
Gentle trust and sympathy,
Made life charming for you and me,
Each thread of life we wound together,
Bound us more one to another.

Winter

And now when the Winter comes round the bend,
And all our sweet laughter will come to an end,
Each silver hair falling gently in place,
Sweetens the smile on your dear face.
Our time grows short, we have not long,
But still we have our own love song,
Ah, that we may be taken together,
Into the Great Beyond for ever !

DOROTHY C. CUNNINGHAM.

Lawrence

He was a practical idealist,
A dreamer who transformed his dreams to deeds.
Soldier, writer and archæologist,
He spent his life serving his country's needs.
Then, suddenly, still in his prime, he died—
A man we ill could spare.

DIANA G. E. HEWAT.

Rara Avis

As I was walking up our lane,
It was so lovely and so sweet,
Who should fly myself to greet,
But a humming-bird—small, fleet,
It drank the wild azalea dew,
From bush so pure and green and white,
Then sipped of those ; I had a few
Held on my hand, so bright.
At first I did not stir a bit,
And watched the ruby-winged jewel,
As here and there it paused to sip,
And hummed, and looked so sweet and cool,

Envoi

And so we parted : I to seek a lunch,
And he to sup upon Celestial Punch.

E. B. P. ATKINSON.

A Lover's Night

A girl in white,
A summer's night,
The moon's soft beams—
A river flowing,
Its ripples glowing
With silvery lights,
Its whispers calling,
Lovers enthralling.

Enraptured night,
Dim light hidden,
Whispered greeting,
A kiss at meeting,
A laugh entrancing
From lips divine,
Love's presence dancing—
Hers and mine.

The river melting
Into the gloom,
The shadows closing—
Like an outdoor room,
We sat together,
Our arms entwined,
In Loveland dreaming,
The world behind.

My love and I
The moon did spy,
Drifting along,
All life, a song,
A gondola taking
Into the night
A cargo of bliss,
On a River of Light.

J. WINTERBURN ANDERSON.

The Immortal Guardsman

Shadowy, he stands, his martial dress
And glittering sword sheathed in gold braid ;
The plumed hat and spurred boots
All polish and shine. But the man himself
Looks out upon the world from an immortal picture.

Gold-framed, it hangs, a treasured image
Of a mortal guardsman, who found his calvary
By way of life's dim battle-field.
No more the trumpeter with thrilling war-cry
Draws him thence—for he,
Like others who have served their Empire,
Has earned his place for ever
Among the immortal guardsmen of God's city.

But his image still lives
In the heart of a living shrine,
The lonely woman who still loves him
Who, widowed by fate,
Although no ceremony had tied them . . .
His shrine looks from her eyes,
His soul waits in that shadowy spirit form,
Which hovers ever near her side. . . .
For you see—though he is dead
He is the Immortal Guardsman.

KATHLEEN C. KAY.

Spring

(At Kingsteignton, Devon)

E'en though folks think their village is so dull,
They know that from pris'n thieves were fetched
To gallows green, to die, 'mid time's own lull,
Ere then a hangman's rope they later stretched,
Ere then upon a gibbet they were hung ;
Which, after, stood to scare each man or boy,
As often, then, they walked 'mid night, once young,
As night it fell on gibbet—Devil's toy.

And yet if other folk dare dim its name,
As giants, then, with trumpet voice they'll speak,
And tell how village men 'mid battle's flame
Died, as they climbed to Honour's lofty peak.
Whose secrets, toward fame lay in their strength,
Once used upon the sea, and on the land,
To keep an Empire safe in breadth and length,
And further still an Allied Cause once grand.

Whose names are etched upon a granite cross,
In good St. Michael's Yard, near church below,
With tablets there to mark their valued loss,
And keep their names alive 'mid time's swift flow.
Who each, as Vulcan, Fire God, watched fire's blaze
On Golyer's Hill, or on old Oak Ford Lawn,
As cooks they roasted ram 'mid smoke's dim haze,
Near maypole dancers, each as blithesome fawn.

In village, revels held from times of witch,
Who said if but a ram's blood then they'd spill,
That water would then run in leat's small ditch—
The reason why a fair is held there still.
And yet, at Spring, a comfort comes, they know,
To folk who, though their sons in death all rest,
By thought as spring, she makes the verdure grow,
So God will resurrect the dead—the blest.

THOMAS WOODS.

Sunbeam on Curly Locks

Sunbeam on curly locks,
Make them shine like gold,
Little hand, buried in sand—
One little arm raised with a bold
“Look, I found a shell!”

Sunbeam on curly locks,
Mother's little girlie fair,
One little foot reclining
On sand-castle there:
Two big tears on baby's lashes,
As her castle quickly crashes.

Sunbeam on curly locks,
Daddy's little sweetheart true,
Dreamy eyes, raised to skies
That are as baby's—blue.

Sunbeam on curly locks,
Dimpled little body lying
On mock desert shining ;
One small shell for her to keep,
Hush ! Daddy's sweetheart
Has gone to sleep.

MOLLIE WEARN.

Suggested New National Anthem

The King

God save King George the Fifth,
Long live His Majesty,
God save the King !
Spare him good health to live,
Full many a year to give
His loyal people cause to sing
God save the King.

The Queen

And save Her Majesty,
Noble Queen Mary,
His dear Consort.
May they in love abide,
Always put self aside,
And live in harmony,
God save the Queen !

The Prince

O, God bless Prince Edward,
Our gentle Prince of Wales,
Whom we all love ;
Give him the love of God,
Grant that he always prove
Upholder of our good,
God bless the Prince.

The Royal Household

Bless all the Royal Household,
The house that we adore,
We all adore !
Give them to love our strain,
And seek their good and gain,
For now and evermore,
God bless them all !

E. W. NOTE DOWUONA.

To a Bird

Sweet bird that sitt'st on yonder tree,
Why fliest thou as now I go ?
Has tyrant custom master'd thee
Thou canst not know a friend from foe ?

But hadst thou speech, perchance thou'dst say,
" True, gentle friend, thy worth I praise,
Thou carest for me, I don't gainsay,
But what think'st thou of mankind's ways ?

" A pregnant instance I shall quote
Of human being's heinous trade ;
We were two birds of common note,
And felt for bliss we both were made.

" One day I chanced to leave my nest,
My mate in airy lodge remained,
Watching my coming home for rest,
With care opprest and sorrow pained.

" Just then made fast a wicked wight,
With roguish leer and spiteful glee,
And shot my love in woeful plight,
And bore her light away, perdy.

" Of human tricks and ravages,
More instances can I rehearse,
Admittedly, all suffrages
Intemperance on man confers."

" Should eloquence as this of thine,
Exert full sway upon my brain,
I must confess my fault and pine
As one of an accursed train.

" But peace refined does fill my mind,
Like noble wine devoid of lees,
Exhorting me to love of kind,
And amity, and conscience' ease."

K. P. SUBRAHMANYAN.

The Rose

The rose is my favourite flower,
It is beautiful and bright,
Its petals pure have power
There is none that scent'st but with delight.

But who is to wed my Rose—
My gentle Rose, sweet and gay?
In age and bloom, lo, she grows,
As surely a young girl may.

I named her Rose in my whim,
Because I lov'd such a flower,
Belike they do cast their grim
Looks on me, or curses shower.

For having behav'd as I did ;
But I will'd it. . . . I don't care !
For a person is free to bid
His familiar an ass or a mare.

It is use and wont and none else,
That governs all races and sects ;
Teach a savage belles-lettres he but smells
A plot, and your doctrine rejects.

The adage " What is call'd Rose "
By another name will smell as sweet "
Is true ; but who is there that knows
Not this simple fact to beat.

About his brain that there hangs
Some mystery with all names,
Being but products of mind, as twangs
But reflect what their object proclaims.

So the rose and its scent are allied,
For, at first sight its smell *rose*
To bid the beholder bide
Assur'd of its claim on the nose.

K. .P. SUBRAHMANYAN.

Thoughts During a Journey

O, may I roam the valleys free,
Hills, rocks and plains with liberty
As guide; let me upon yon mound
With pleasure sit, and cast around
My careless glance, and drink with joy
Extensive prospects, like a boy
Gloating on fancy's toys and spells
With idleness his mate, or else,
Let me, in yonder flood sublime,
Bathe my fresh limbs with vigour prime,
And, fearless, cut the glassy waves
With my heart's baptism that laves
All weaknesses, indecencies
And loathsome thoughts and subtleties
Of disposition without end.

Then may I, as my humours tend,
List awhile to the wild bee's hum,
Or with a rapturous spirit come
At foot of yon majestic tree,
And sing an air full blithesomely.

With freedom's passport let me glide
To the wide sea of green, and bide
For an hour's space ; and let my sense
Admire the scene without pretence,
Where palms and coconuts abound
In scatter'd splendour and around,
May I, in admiration mute,
Look up to Heaven, and make my suit
To the benignant King of kings
To grant me peace and all good things,
Whereby no sorrow might me try,
Temptation or calamity.

K. P. SUBRAHMANYAN.

An Evening in January

It is an evening, calm and bright,
The heavens are clad in liveries white,
With blue and black dispers'd about ;
The trees are waving in and out,
The breezes blowing, fast, awry ;
The hillocks stand, serene on high,
With looks demure like baffl'd foes,
The clouds lie scatter'd in repose ;
The sun's with waning splendour mild
Shorn of his plume, like a chid child ;
A single star's upon the height,
Shedding its rays sublime to sight ;
The troops of crows on yonder tree
Are perched in line so gracefully
That one supposes watchful care
As order reigneth everywhere ;

The children play from side to side,
 With clamour, hardihood and pride;
 Sonorous chants of temple bell
 Do hope inspire, in spite of hell,
 Of heavenly transports, meekly worn,
 Not gay or vain, nor rudely borne,
 But lofty, glorious, and sublime,
 Not writ in prose, or beauteous rhyme,
 But felt within, devoid of speech,
 As aught surpassing human reach;
 The birds do sing with varied throats,
 Continuous, rapid, and clear notes;
 The careless lab'rer moveth free,
 With jokes, and songs, and revelry;
 All kinds of vegetation round,
 Invite the glance and heart profound.

K. P. SUBRAHMANYAN.

To Milton

(A Sonnet)

O, thou immortal bard, that dost transcend
 The bounds of space and time, and with the nine
 Dost sit 'mid many rhapsodies divine,
 Wrought by th' angelic choir, that round attend
 The Almighty's throne, with aspect reverend,
 And holy hymns and heavenly harmonies,
 Attuned to orb-borne melodies,
 While all in one exquisite concord blend—
 Whither are fled thy choral songs sublime,
 Olympian transports and heroic muse,
 That clear have vanished from this age and clime?
 Are they departed hence, for good to lose,
 Among immortals their majestic chime,
 Their raptures warm, and tender, and profuse?

K. P. SUBRAHMANYAN.

Who is Honest ?

Who is honest? Not he that is
Full of equivoque in style,
He who practises, his
Mortal brother to beguile.

Who never directly answers
Questions put to him,
But by smooth evasions divers,
Pares them out of life and limb.

Who is honest? He who subtly
Takes the poser by surprise,
Asking what, impertinently,
Sounds in wise ears vulgar cries?

No, no! Such a person's is the
Hypocrite's sham eloquence,
Carrying conviction wrongly
To his hearer 'reft of sense,

As when Elfland's Redcross Champion,
At Despair's sophistic speech,
Self-destruction sought with weapon,
Mental ease with body's breach.

Who is honest? Not he, surely
Who doth meet an argument
By a question put forth shrewdly
Making questioner lose the scent.

Not the least resemblance living,
Of connection 'twixt the two
Cases, as diverse in being
As aye black is from the blue.

But he's honest who considers
Twice before what he asserts,
Then, not with construction reverse
What he utter'd once perverts.

K. P. SUBRAHMANYAN.

Who is Happy ?

How happy is that gentle wight,
Who never wants the means to live,
Who cares not for Opinion's might,
But what content alone can give !

Who to temptations never yields,
But conquers them in decent wise,
As warrior just that ever wields
Authority as lawful prize.

Whose sense of right and wrong ne'er strays,
But weighed in even scale remains,
Where Passion's force, nor Terror's maze,
The slightest influence sustains.

Whose generous heart is ne'er at rest,
Until some worthy deed's perform'd—
Whether Soul is sav'd with care opprest,
Or erring one with rede reform'd.

Whom Scandal's tongue can ne'er approach,
Help'd on by Pride, or Sordid Vice,
That seeks occasions for reproach,
And careth not for scruples nice.

Whose aspirations are confined
To modest wants with ease supplied,
Not straying oft from kind to kind,
But ever seeking reason's guide.

Whose conscience is for ever true,
No cause for least regression rings,
As Nature's of unaltered hue
To labourers, or lords, or kings.

Who feels, like Richard Whittington,
That wealth was gi'en him to promote
The happiness, beneath the sun
Of needy men to care devote.

K. P. SUBRAHMANYAN.

Hope

(In imitation of Spenser)

A golden anchor Heaven did to me lend,
Whisp'ring in secret accents meek and mild :
" This present take—this noble, manly friend,
Whose aid, in states of care and mazes wild,
Has such a force as ne'er can be revil'd. . . "

Hope is the anchor, whose effect is such
As ne'er may man without it be—a child
In wishes mutable, that over-much
Doth seek to handle toys, and weakest things to touch.

When I possessed this, bait (for' bait it was),
 Thrown to a man by mawkish spirit pain'd—
 The witch Melancholy, that e'er has cause,
 To see her victim in her grasp retain'd,
 My spirits proudly rose, and loud arraign'd
 The charm, and cast it out with witching force,
 As cagèd bird, his freedom once attain'd,
 Sings forth his 'scape, and high to Heaven soars,
 So hope does swell my breast, wherein fresh life he pours.

When sullen care had left me desolate,
 Denuded of the blisses, health and peace,
 And Sorrow, meek-eyed maid, with brow sedate,
 Possessed my frame, existence's short lease,
 Still shorter made by languor, fell disease
 And unregarded love (and sore bested
 I was) ; just then, to save me from surcease,
 Hope, like an angel, drew to me ahead,
 And, with Herculean courage, all my sinews fed.
K. P. SUBRAHMANYAN.

By the Wayside

I hear you say, " It is a weary world,
 A wicked world, a very vale of tears,
 A thorny path along which human feet
 Make bleeding pilgrimage through bitter tears
 To happiness and rest."

 This summer's day
 Under a cloudless sky among the flowers,
 Your words pass me by as an empty lay
 And make no echo. In these sylvan hours
 Of ever-joyous birds, I hear no sum
 Of weariness and woe.

The toiling bee

Beareth his burden with a merry hum,
And counts his labour grateful as his rest.
'Tis not a wail that issues from the woods
And sweeps upon the breeze that blows above,
But nature's sweetest music, songs of joy,
Some murmured softly, like a tale of love.

The flowers, upsprung from earth, like
souls ta'en flight
From gross companionship of common clay,
Breathe not of foul corruption, nor of night,
But rise, spontaneous witnesses of joy
Which life lends unto the meanest things. . . .

While I can rest but for a single hour
Upon this field of peace dew-pearled,
And rest my wayworn limbs and pluck a flower,
I will not say, "It is a weary world. . . ."

LEONARA E. HOSKING.

Haven

That quiet place, where flowers scent the wind;
And distantly majestic peaks arise,
Clad in the beauty of the age-old forest trees,
Piercing the rosy clouds that mist the skies.

Where quiet waters, gently murmuring,
Flow on, by peaceful banks, unto those hills,
Where skimming gulls screech stories of the sea,
And garden birds encore with softer trills.

Here will I rest awhile, and find again"
The little joys I lost amid the din
Of fretful ways. Here will I find again the strength
To join again the race, until I win.

PEARL HERBERT.

On the Seashore

The beauty of the Sea
As it ripples, half asleep,
Across the sandy shore :
The wonders of the deep. . . .

Over rocks and over boulders,
Dashing with fury and foam,
Reaching the sea-wall boundary,
Then retreats to its ocean home.

I stand in silent wonder,
As over the ocean I gaze,
At God's power like thunder,
. . . He limits e'en the ocean wave.

My Saviour in vision, I see,
Walking the Galilean Sea,
While his disciples feared the storm,
Jesus rebuked ; there was a calm.

Dear Saviour, pilot me,
Through the waves of the mounting sea,
Clinging to Thee, my fear will flee,
Safe with Jesus the shore I see.

EMMA J. HARDING.

Life

We face it, for to it we're born,
Some very happy, some forlorn,
A nature's product, with a span,
Secret passed on from God to Man ;
A living morsel, first the form,
Developing to mortal born,
Until God thinks it fit to chide,
And call us on the other side.
We know no more, but in Him see
Our living Image, seemingly.
That alone should satisfy
To be like Him should fill with pride. . . .
The rest is blank ; we prate in vain,
Our life is due to Him, 'tis plain.
Just born of a woman, and born to sin,
A husk the body, a soul within ;
So as our Guide, in Him we trust,
And our inquisitions must not thrust.
For as part of Him, in Him we see
The Three in One, and One in Three.

AGNES M. HAMMOND.

Full Winged

O, dwell with me, thou Heavenly Dove,
O, gracious Spirit, stay ;
On wings like Thine straight from Above
Help me to rise each day.
My guilty soul is scarred with sin
Not easy to define,
Yet Thou amidst Earth's sordid din
Can whisper thoughts sublime.

O, tender Spirit, comfort me,
When I am most forlorn,
Till in my darkened soul I see
Rare glimpses of the Dawn.
Pray grant me rest, or grief, or pain,
'Tis only Thee I need,
I hear Thee through Earth's shadows vain
Cry, " winged, full-winged indeed."

O, Heavenly Dove, Thy brooding peace
Can fill my soul at last ;
Before my mortal struggles cease
My doubts are long since past.
Full-winged, indeed, I'll try to rise,
Till I can rise no more,
Thy Grace, indeed, is ransom's prize,
Thy Love, Heaven's open door.

ERIC W. DERI LAINE.

Fantasy

The sun all garbed in bright array
Struck down upon me as I lay
Upon the grass and slept,
When to my mind there crept
The vision of a glorious day
That left me dazzled with dismay.

'Twas that I met a maiden fair,
With lovely locks of auburn hair,
Face radiant as the dawn ;
Her actions like a nimble fawn
And body nothing would impair—
She set my heart aflare !

We walked together in the sun,
As we were made, nothing done
To destroy the heavenly bliss
Of our union by a kiss :
For it was obvious to us both
Nothing would be gained by troth.

If in garments we were robed,
Hidden secrets would be probed,
Instead we now were free
To live in wildest ecstasy—
And in what we did, nothing wrong
Would despoil our loving song !

For this was but the only way
To live as lovers do in May.
How long would the vision last?
Alas! Some vagrant chilly blast
Shattered this sweet illusion. . . .
I woke—in strange confusion!

W. O. SHARP.

Life—Liberty—and the Pursuit of Contentment

Wealth I hold in light esteem,
And love I laugh to scorn.
The lust of fame was an early dream
That vanished with the morn.

Now if I pray, the only prayer
That ever comes from me
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,
But give me liberty!"

Yet in the days when I was young
My prayers were all the same—
For gallant heart and steadfast tongue
To help me play the game.

My homestead days were short and few,
But on the prairies' sea
I found a love and longing new
For life and liberty.

Not licence, no—but liberty,
Dearest of all to me ;
And with it give me peace of mind
To taste it properly.

W. C. POLLARD.

We are happier then

My castle of dreams is wearying ;
Reality's more kind,
For there I find the truth of things,
And do not look behind.

Fleetly I go, on love's quest bent ;
A pupil I, who long to learn.
I understand so little yet
Of those sweet flames that sweetly burn.

Oh heart, you flutter like a dove !
Be hushed, I pray you, quiet be,
Still even your beating, for a love
Comes close to us, mysteriously.

A little germ in one conceived,
Like the most minute grain of corn. . . .
Ah, dare a woman be relieved
Until her longed-for love is born ?

My torpid slumbers pass away ;
My lover walks from out my dream ;
And I awake to glorious day,
Rich with an unknown radiant gleam.

From soul and mind and thought and heart
I've built myself an ideal dear.
His eyes are my love's counterpart,
His soul is mine in lovers' sphere.

Love as woman, love as man ;
When separate no joy can be,
But when two hearts beat in one span
Rejoicing follows instantly.

Love meets love—O wondrous introduction !
And, truly meant, can never us betray :
And sweetness gathers from its gentle fluxion,
Suffusing us like sunlight's golden ray.

IRENE WHITFORD.

Life !

Life's like a beautiful winding lane,
On either side bright flowers,
Beautiful butterflies, tempting fruits,
Treasures from Heaven's own bowers.

In small proportions these we see,
And scarcely linger to admire,
Hastening along so eagerly
To fancied visions even higher.

Yet by degrees, in our travail,
The trees grow bleak as on we haste,
Fruits decay and butterflies fail,
Until we reach—a desert waste !

J, ALFRED OAKES.

The Last Supper

As the sun shines brightest at noonday heat,
So in this repast most marvellous
Divine Love shed its beams complete.
Here did the Christ open wide His heart
Like a rose that openeth glorious.
Here He presents, not His gown or pictures,
Not gold or silver, crowns or sceptres,
But Himself with His whole Heart, making complete
Righteousness, Heaven, and perfect bliss.

J. ALFRED OAKES.

Peace on Earth

Come, let us join in happy songs,
And help to keep the whole world gay
When in this terrible troublous time
Things seem so gloomy all the way.

Around us all are quarrelling,
It seems that no one can keep peace ;
Let one and all their hardest try,
And then perhaps we'll find release.

We'll ask our Heavenly Father dear
To be with us, and to abide
Always near us, that we may ever
Feel He is there our steps to guide.

And then a great rejoicing ! Ah !
What joy to hear those trumpet sounds
When the last glorious message comes
And peace on earth truly abounds !

D. W. POOLE

Trusting

There was a lonely wanderer
Trudging on life's highway.
Footsore and weary, he struggled along
With none to cheer his way.

He thought that life was ended,
Not worth his trudging still.
All hope was gone within him ;
No wish to fight with a will.

Then a sudden ray of sunshine
Lit up the road he trod,
Giving him hope and comfort
And faith to trust in God.

May we all see that sunshine,
And when we sadly grope,
Look up to the One who loves us
And in Him put our hope.

D. W. POOLE

Scene of the Emerald Clime

Look o'er this wonderful scene, so fair and well designed,
The workings of the universe, planned by a mighty mind :
Our little tabernacle the image of the Great,
Crowned by wisdom still, serenely blest in state,
This rich estate, perfection made by time,

Wrought in this scene of the eternal clime.

Look o'er this boundless scene of land and sea.
What living creatures of strange forms you see,
In countless numbers, like the seaside sands ;
All dwell 'neath Heaven's soft imperial hands
Which touch with loveliness the thousand isles

Given in this scene of the emerald clime.

Look o'er this scene, adorned with myriad flowers
Which crown the universal nature's charmed bowers ;
God sends their perfume, and imparts their hue
Of each soft gem, and each fair robe of blue.
They sleep in their own united chambers born,

Fixed in this scene of the emerald clime.

Look o'er this stretching scene, this fertile vale ;
'Tis nature's hand enriches all the dale,
Wherein the eye hath seen and ear hath heard
The swelling cadence of a countless band
Whose home is found within this changeful land,

Born in this scene of the emerald clime.

Look o'er this restful scene ; in azure dight
Across the heavens the vivid planet rolls
And vests of light illumine the deepest night ;
So freely, generously, to mortals given !
Faith touching all things with the hues of heaven,

Stamped in this scene of the emerald clime.

M. CAMPBELL

Love

I look through my kitchen window
At the fresh green growing grass,
Wide and well-raked it lies there,
And I think of when children pass.

“ Why, you’ve raked the yard ! ” they call
out.

“ Oh, tell us, what’s its name ?
Is it a fairy garden ? ”
It’s better still—it’s home !

And yet in part it’s fairy
And part just home, my dear ;
And part is life, as we rake away
The weeds of woe and fear.
So enter ye in at the Door,
And, though the Floor be rough,
There in life’s hall is a rake for us all,
Labelled “ Love ”, and we’ll find it enough.

Oh, Love, you dainty blossom
Of a delicate little plant,
I wanted to sing your praises
And now somehow I can’t.
You are so precious and sure,
I love you—words cannot say more.

ETHEL CUMMINS TERRY

The Spirit of the Downs

Out of the mists, out of the shadows,
Of mauve and golden-tinted browns,
Out of the dusk of evening twilight
I first looked on the Sussex Downs.

So vast, so still, so strangely silent,
As if wrapped in some sweet mystery,
And ever onward from that moment
They held my soul in captivity.

And if I should chance to live away
From the Sussex Downs just for a day,
A longing stirs me to go back where
I can breathe again the pure clean air.

I have watched the silver moon ascending
Over those hills, the shadows changing,
Until this dear delightful country
Has charmed me with her wonders ranging.

And during one of many rambles
Through the gorse in the scented valley
My wits were startled, and I stood listening
To the sound of a fox's sally.

I caught the sound ; my glance flew upward
And swept the hillside. There, outlined,
The fox stood clear against the skyline,
And then was gone as swift as the wind !

My pulses quickened. Indeed 'twas living !
Out of the night came nature's call.
My childhood dreams came back to enrapture
My soul . . . and tears on the grass did fall,

Like phantoms then with the daylight fading
My griefs and sorrows passed away ;
The Downs enriched me with their spirit,
And peace ruled all and held her sway.

FLORENCE GOODSON

Rhona

Her face, surrounded with ruleless russet curls,
With gentle smiling eyes and sweet-humoured mouth,
More perfect every feature than oyster pearls,
Her whole expression almost pitying, a vision !

Her dress, satin gown with Victorian puffs,
To her slim lithe form beauty just adding,
Portraying her shapely Venus-moulded bust,
Falls to flowing skirt, her height increasing.

Her voice soft and musical, always soothing,
With heartfelt sympathy sometimes sorrowful,
With boundless girlish mirth often bringing
Delights more than melody however tuneful.

f

Her walk the very rhythm of the waltz,
Every movement made with perfect grace,
Goddess straight from heaven, but woman false,
She glides ever serenely as if through space.

Her nature, charms' so feminine possessing,
Lacks not courage deliberate or inspired,
But with character completely domineering
Every man who meets her she rules, admired.

R. LINDSAY BARTON

Our Greatest Trust

(Inspirations from a Garden)

If everyone had a garden adorned with beautiful flowers
And spent their leisure moments amidst the rose-
hued bowers
Their thoughts would e'er be happy, and kindness
would abound,
For flowers are sweetest emblems from Mother Nature's
ground.
Each day would bring forth sunshine, each wish the
other well,
No clouds would shadow kindly deeds, and happiness
would swell.
Why should benevolence not abound in this our Vale
of Tears?
For our life here is not for long, and everybody fears
Others may do as we may do, which way our ruin nears.
One's happiness would be shattered, and life would
lose its health ;
All should observe the golden rule ; Love neighbours
as thyself.
God in return will love you all, and that is the greatest
wealth.

Flowers, sweet emblem of fragrance, comfort heart-broken souls.

Day dawns, and birds awake us ; their song so tender tolls.

Why should hearts throb without just cause ? They should seek joyful goals,

And be undaunted in the fight, with glory their reward.

The days of darkness often creep, but sunshine follows twilight deep.

When the rain is on the river, or the snow upon the plains,

The glow of comfort is within ; love lingers in the lanes.

Each season, we remember, brings flowers of different hue ;

Each day, if we endeavour, brings loveliness anew.

Life's fears are ever pressing ; we always must try this—

Be equal to each circumstance and never fail—don't miss :

For diligence and steadfast faith will surely win the day.

Nothing we bring into this world, and nothing take away,

But if we do our best while here, we'll pass the gates of Day.

That day of God's acceptance will be a day of bliss ;

To reach the Garden of Peacefulness—our greatest trust is this !

MARGARET S. BOOTH

Youth

Youth is the time to be active and gay,
Just fitted for work, and health-giving play,
Supple of limb, with the mind all alert,
Ready for anything you might assert.

Youth is so eager to taste all life's meed ;
Not always willing to listen and heed.
Deep are the pitfalls for unwary feet,
Many, alas, suffer dire defeat !

Alcohol bids him to try his fine drink,
Proves a good tonic, he would have him think ;
After a while, he will find, to his cost,
Prospects quite ruined, and character lost.

Gambling tempts youth in such various ways.
Money is scarce in these strenuous days.
Just try your luck on the turf, my fine friend ;
You may meet fortune, and troubles will end !

Hospital sweepstakes may give a good chance ;
Tickets quite cheap may prove winners, perchance.
'Gainst these I would raise a big danger post.
Yield, and you may be eternally lost !

" Follow thou me ! " cries a clear ringing voice.
You won't regret if you take my advice.
The road is narrow ; your work may be hard ;
Heaven will be your eternal reward.

HELEN I. GODFREY

Choices

Often in life to us may come.
A choice to make—ignored by some !
A choice to make ; perchance that we
May thereby find our destiny.

A choice to make ! Which path to tread,
The broad or narrow ? By God led,
Or shall we be content to find
Our joys in things of worldly kind ?

A choice to make ! Where place our love ;
On earthly things, or those above ?
Knowing full well that ever where
Our treasures are, our hearts are there.

A choice to make ! To serve in life
God or the world ?—find peace or strife ?
The wise will give to God their heart ;
Like Mary, choose the better part.

Of our own will we make the choice.
Then follow, and obey the voice
That bids us give our lives to God,
Treading the path that Jesus trod.

A choice to make ! Some things there are
That God must choose. 'Tis better far
That He should choose for us life's way,
Lest from His path our feet should stray.

A choice to make ! Then let God choose
Our lives for us, lest we should lose
Our highest good, for He may deign
To bless our lives through care and pain.

A choice to make ! God's will be done.
The choice be His ! And when we've run
Our course in life, we then may be
At home with Him eternally.

AGNES A. ADDISON

Wind

Oh wind, blowing so swiftly, cold and keen,
Stinging my face,
Banishing weariness, refreshing, clean,
At such a pace
You blow that sorrow and dull hopelessness must go—
Exhilaration takes their place.

Dead autumn leaves so gracefully do dance
At your command.
Tall trees sway, groaning, and some old dead branch
Which cannot stand
Falls crashing to the ground, an awe-inspiring sound,
And rabbits, fearful, seek their holes.

Or if perchance it falls on the main road
Traffic must stop.
And thus, oh great and fearful old-world God,

You prove that top
Of the power of man lies an even greater power—
Nature, and The God of Nature.

Oh wind, you have ruffled my newly perm-waved hair !
But I forgive you, for you thrill me so !

DIANA G. HEWART.

What We encounter

I sought repose within a tranquil tea-room
To ponder o'er the happenings of the day
And shake off the environment of gloom,
And pass an hour in a casual kind of way,
Studying faces passing in the street,
Through a window, from a chosen corner seat.

Psychologists may write with elegance
About the tricks imagination plays,
But it's a fact we often go askance
While thoughts and speech are heading different ways
And we lament that life is such a hurry,
Although we feel important if we worry.

And in the faces that I chanced to see
Some were whose minds were almost destitute
Of brain, beyond a most remote degree ;
And some resembled weeds of ill repute.
Others went by whose thoughts were of the morrow,
And some were laden with the cross of sorrow.

Then came a couple linked by sweet romance.
Behind, a guardian of society.
Two debonairs with girls, off to a dance—
Four minds bent on a night of revelry.
But no psychologist could hope to tell
What in the mind of one at least did dwell.
She stood alone—no worry or resentment,
Her calm eyes on the hasty, nervous crowd,
Quite independent, full of cool contentment :
She sang an old familiar song aloud,
And ladies spoke to her. Some stooped to pat.
My kingdom for the bearing of a cat !

DONALD BETHUNE.

Jerusalem

Jerusalem ! oh ! Jerusalem !
Thou city bright and fair,
Set 'neath a hill of matchless pride,
A diamond rich and rare.
The home of God's own people,
Christ's own dear city thou,
And to thee at the sunset
The Jews in reverence bow.

Jerusalem ! oh ! Jerusalem !
Thine uncrowned King was He
Who came to claim thine homage due
Ere victim He should be.

But gone is now thy glory
And bowed thy head in shame
Because thou hast rejected
The great Deliverer's name.

Jerusalem ! oh ! Jerusalem !
Thy King doth mourn o'er thee :
" How oft I would have cherished,
But thou wouldst none of Me.
I would have ta'en thee fondly
Neath My protecting care ;
But now, alas, Jerusalem,
Thou shalt be lone and bare ! "

Jerusalem ! oh ! Jerusalem !
Thy power has gone from thee.
E'en now thy foes are drawing nigh ;
In fear thy tribes must flee.
Where are thou now, proud city ?
But lift thy voice and sing ;
Returning, He'll redeem thee,
Thy risen glorious King !

MARGARET WARREN.

Mother Mine

Mother mine, I greet you,
From the realms above,
When you send a message
Borne on wings of love.
Well can I remember,
As my memories roam,
How a child, I heard you sing
"Home, Sweet Home."

Though you have been taken
From this earthly plane
To a higher sphere, dear,
Yet we meet again,
For your spirit hovers
Very close to me,
And I'm very certain
Your dear face I see.

Mother mine, I'm sending
Loving thoughts to you;
I know that God will help me
On my journey too.
And when my life is ended
On this earthly plane,
I know that you will gather me
In your arms again.

CLARA FRYER.

An Autumn Reverie

The year is on the wane ;
 O heart of mine, be sure
 The spring will come again,
 Creation's life endure.

The leaves are fit to fall
 And strew the fruitful ground ;
 Soon winds will cast them all
 With rushing, dashing sound.

The flowers have looked so gay,
 With scents of rare perfume—
 Rich colourful display
 Of fair perennial bloom.

The year is on the wane ;
 I'm whispering a farewell :
 But spring will come again.
 In winter's heart 'twill dwell.

E. L. DOWSE.

These Three

(1 Cor. 13 : 13)

Faith ! What a wonderful gift from God

Given to you and to me ! Heb. 12 : 2

Victory this to overcome

The world, and to set us free 1 John 5 : 4

From sin within. Acts 15 : 9

Hope ! A "good hope" ! Nought but His grace
 Could give to you and to me, 2 Thess. 2 : 16
Through patience and comfort of His word
 This anchor, eternally
 Secure and sure. Heb. 6 : 19

Love ! O the crowning grace of God
 Granted to you and to me !
The fruit of the Spirit, greater far Gal. 5 : 22
 Than Faith or Hope, for He 1 Cor. 13 : 13
 Above is love. 1 John 4 : 8

ETHEL M. BROWN.

To "His Own"

When Jesus came to His own—His own—
 They nailed Him to a tree.
Throughout the world is the story told
 How He died for you and me.

And we hear and murmur, "His own, His own !
 How could they treat Him so ?"
Then we put aside all thought of Him,
 And on with our work we go.

And Jesus comes to His own—His own—
 To-day, and we heed Him not,
Nor hear His voice : "Ah, lukewarm ones,
 I would ye were cold or hot !

"O ye beloved, My own, My own,
 Up while 'tis still to-day !
Shall I find faith when I come again ?
Shall I find faith when I come to reign ?
 It is for you to say."

ETHEL M. BROWN.

Desires

Give me the twilight, the moon and a lover,
And I am at peace with the world,
The stars in the heavens to cover
My dreams of the future unfurled ;
The love of a faithful companion,
A world full of peace and rest,
A joyful and blissful communion
When the sun's gone down in the west.

Give me the lustre of luminous stars
Which twinkle above in the blue,
Attached, it seems, to heavenly cars,
Awaiting the lovers now due,
Answering still an age-long call
To where glory reigns supreme,
And happiness comes to one and all
In the joy of their earthly dream.

Give me the power to turn over the page,
To commune with departed springs,
And gather the urge of every age
Whose memory golden rings.
Let me behold the glorious light
That has in love's eyes appeared,
And know the glamour of every night
When a loved one has been revered.

Let me feel the pulse of this glorious realm
Through the quiet eventide,

When the breezes whisper through the elm
And the heavens are clear and wide.
Let me grasp the hand of my dearest friend,
And feel a returning love,
A glow of affection never to end,
Like that of the Master above.

J. BARNES.

A Plea

O men of this great universe
Throw away the laden purse ;
Kneel upon a rock-strewn shore
Or a barren wind-swept moor :
Bare your souls to Him who stands
Guardian over all your lands.

Cast unto the four winds all vice and things immoral ;
Speed the gun-decked ships against a lonely reef of
coral ;

Make a giant cross of every sword and rifle
And place it on Gibraltar, to rust, forgotten trifle.
Fill the air with nature's birds, the land with roving
beast.

Then survey your work, rejoice, and unto Him give
feast.

To you, who have the power, I make this plea—
To you, whom all men trust implicitly.

KENNETH HAGUE.

The Sunbeam and the Frozen Pool

High on a lonely mountain side,
Where she lay since the first chill dawn,
Slept a frozen pool,
Sweetly dreaming she
On and on and on.

Came a wandering sunbeam idly by,
Crept up where the white maid lay.
What fun, he thought,
On her slumbering breast
To play and play and play !

So he melted her with his amorous touch
Till her heart rushed forth to his own.
Then he frolicked home. . . .
Wildly plunging she
Down and down and down.

And You who can see what others can't,
Unswayed by favour or grudge,
Judge not like some. . . .
As she runs her course
Will judge and judge and judge.

FRANCES BRAYE.

The Candle Tree

I know where grows in yonder glen
A tree that lights her candles when
The glowing sun's rekindling powers
Open a thousand pink-wicked flowers.

On summer's edge, ere leaves are thick,
I see this dappled candlestick
Lighting her white blossom-tapers,
Sending forth her blossom-vapours.

Held in green palms of leafy hand,
There do the pink-wicked candles stand ;
No zephyrs stir, but softly tread,
Lest petal-wax be carpeted.

I to my work must hie away :
Far rather would I watch the play
Of shadows, as leaf-fingers light
All the horse-chestnut's candles bright.

FLORENCE M. BENNELL.

Water Lily

White from an angel's wing, as he passed ^{by},
Gold of the rainbow's arc, spanning the sky ;
Dim is the radiance of diamond's sheen
To raindrops orb'd upon your leaves' cool green.

FLORENCE M. BENNELL.

Prayer of the Aviator's Wife

I stand on sod,
Firm earth 'neath my heel ;
Be kind, oh God !
My man's at the wheel.

His Pilot be,
And make him feel
His trust in Thee,
My man at the wheel.

Vigil his flight,
Endue with thy zeal,
Illumine night ;
My man's at the wheel.

God commanding,
Guide safely the keel.
" Happy Landing ",
All men at the wheel !

FLORENCE M. BENNELL.

The Rose of Love

She gave me a rose from her garden of dreams,
Fresh with the morning dew—
What wonderful secret radiant gleams
Shimmering, trembling through !

A magical sweetness is wafted around ;
I, longing the secret to share,
Looked deep in her eyes and the meaning found—
'Twas the rose of her love so fair.

MARGARET B. BOREHAM.

An Unpainted Picture

If I were an artist, what would I paint
From my window so high? I'd begin with the faint
Grey mist of the morning—so soft is the sheen
On the water, and vessels at anchor are seen
Like ghosts through the veil. Scarce a ripple disturbs
The calm of the bay, for the still morning curbs
E'en the riotous waves ; they steal to the feet
Of the cliffs, laughing softly with musical beat.

And never had jewels more wonderful glow
Than the jade and the amethyst wavelets below.
To paint them—my colours I deem all too pale ;
To tell of it—useless ; my pen would but fail.
In my heart will the exquisite picture remain,
Unwritten, unpainted, my efforts all vain.
To a more fluent pen, to a worthier brush,
I must leave the fair scene in the morning's soft hush.

MARGARET B. BOREHAM.

Dawn

I wakened. The first faint streak of dawn
Was trembling in the distant east ;
The weary slept, while the waking morn
Mounted the sky, with light increased.
For a minute's span the world was hushed,
Creation paused expectantly,
And with His blessing God gently brushed
The veil of night from land and sea.
The sun in her glory mounted high,
And birds from out their nests arose,
Filling the whole of the earth and sky
With song as sweet as an opening rose.
Enthralled, I watched the changing light,
And marvelled at God's all-powerful might.

LILIAN COLUMBINE.

A Touch of Heaven

A green-clad hill, a mossy bank,
A chattering brook below,
A giant trunk 'gainst which I sank
To watch the sunset glow.

A gentle breeze heavy with scent
Brushing the heat away.
Birds and bees, all homeward bent,
Weary at close of day.

A bank of trees, swaying and tall,
Dark in the twilight hours,
Wrapped in their dainty leafy shawl,
Sighing for cooling showers.

Rabbits hobbing in yonder gloom,
Happy to be at play ;
Hedgerows, thick with springtime bloom,
Hiding their burrowed way.

A vision of barely a minute's span,
Yet what a treasure to mortal man !

LILIAN COLUMBINE.

When Spring first whispers

Through winter's sod the crowfoot peep,
And daisies sweet unfold from sleep,
And star the lealand trails ;
The cowslips bow to March winds' shout,
The blackthorn hangs its damask out,
Hazel dust its slender tails ;
The primrose pales on sheltered bank,
Celandines glow in ditches rank,
And in soft moss raise golden showers
When spring first whispers to the flowers.

The clamorous rook seeks storm-wrecked nest,
The praising thrush, with bursting zest
And joy, the hedges wake ;
The blackbird flutes his silver note.

And homely robin's quivering throat
The happy tidings break.
The soaring lark Heaven's echo rings,
While chaffinch too joins in and sings,
And the ring-dove bills his loving words,
When spring first whispers to the birds.

The sunbeams dart caresses fair,
With throbbing life the quickening air—
Pulsates each leafless branch.
While honeysuckle's maze of green
And whitethorn's still more vivid sheen
The new life doth enhance.
And timid beasts more freely rove
At the onward sweep of joy and love.
Bird, tree and flower says "God is good,"
When spring first whispers in the wood.

HARRY MARSH.

Summer's Come

O'er the land the birds are singing,
Singing gaily far and wide,
Through the blue the lark blithe winging
Warbles o'er the mountain side.
Bird and beast go forth rejoicing
In the warm and balmy air,
Nature with her endless voices
Praises God for summer fair.

Summer's come !—I marked her coming,
Saw the swallow follow fast.
In the fields the bees are humming
And I know she's come at last,
Light her step across the mountain.
I have seen her tresses gleam,
Heard her step beside the fountain,
Heard her laugh beside the stream.

Now the rooks have ceased their wrangling,
For they've heard her airy tread ;
In the woods the squirrels are gambolling,
Wide each nestling's wings are spread.
She has left a song of gladness
Where the winding river flows,
Left a balm for grief and sadness
In the deep heart of the rose.

She has gone to dell and dingle
To the silvery chime of bells.
Where the sweetest perfumes mingle
Where the elf, the fairy, dwells,
There the azure bells are ringing
To a sweet and gladsome song,
There the elf, the fairy, swinging,
Sing to their ding-dong, ding-dong.

You may trace her by the posies,
By the light that round her flows.
By the perfume of the roses
You may follow where she goes.
You will hear her gay soft laughter
Borne upon sweet-scented breeze
That attendant follows after
As she flits among the trees.

Fragrant summer may not linger
'Mid the gold of autumn days.
See her point her slender finger,
Hear her sighing as she says,
" Ere the time hath come for reaping
Yellow corn and wheat.
There's a tryst I must be keeping
In lands beyond the deep.

I must bring refreshing showers
To isles 'mid southern seas
To revive in sunny bowers
The drooping flowers and leaves.
I have laid my flowerets sleeping
On Nature's tranquil breast,
I have left them to her keeping
Till they waken from their rest.

When ye hear the lark's song ringing
Hear the blackbird's whistle clear,
In the woods the robin singing,
You will know that I am near.
For again, when spring hath taken
Her flight from these lone isles,
The flowers ye love shall waken
The green earth to my smiles."

HELEN ORIENT PAGAN.

The Kindly Breeze

A breeze entered a garden,
A kindly breeze and mild ;
Passing, it wafted gently
The tresses of a child.
It sang among the tall trees,
Fluttering the glossy leaves,
The swallows knew the wind's song
And twittered in the eaves.

It played with happy elf-folk
A game of hide-and-seek.
The baby cooed and gurgled,
It was too wee to speak !
A little robin redbreast
Hopped up upon his bed ;
The mavis sang a gay song
On branches overhead.

The blackbird whistled clearly
That golden day in June ;
The breeze danced with the fairies
In the bright gold of noon,
Then told the baby stories—
Such tales as children love,
Of buttercups and daisies
And summer skies above ;

Of bees that from the flowers
Of bright and radiant hue
Gather for winter hours
The fragrant honey-dew.

And then it sang a glad song,
A song so soft and sweet,
The wee child laughed and listened,
Then, smiling, fell asleep.

HELEN ORIENT PAGAN.

The Mother's Last Farewell

- "Maureen!" my dying mother cried,
"My warning take, and do not chide.
Forget not prayers nor actions, child,
If you would grow up sweet and mild.
And in the spirit of God endure
Like Mary Mother, sweet and pure.
- "My hours on earth are fleeting by;
And soon I go to be judged on high.
Before I go I have much to say,
So listen attentively while you may.
Your father died—he was drowned at sea,
Leaving me a widow at twenty-three.
- "Honest toil eased my weary brow;
This example I leave you now.
In your childhood days a vow I made—
Come closer, till you hear it said.
I told my God in Heaven above
That you were all I had to love,
And asked that He might lead you right
And keep you gentle, pure and bright
As a shining star on a cloudless night.

" Silently I raised my prayer
Above the stars to the heavens fair,
Above the clouds to God's golden chair.
My heart was torn with worry and fear,
But I promised to live for you, my dear.

" And now, Maureen, my sight grows faint.
The hues of death my vision paint.
My time with you will soon be past.
Come, kiss your mother—'tis the last."

JOSIE O. MAHONY.

" Little Cracks. . . . "

We're often told that " little cracks
Let in great lights ", and then
The meaning full ; its way it hacks,
Light breaks upon our ken.

One case in point comes to our mind.
A little child you'll see
Peering about ; lost coins to find
A Sherlock Holmes he'll be.

A man there is who cannot bear
In crowds or tubes to be,
So if to know this " light " you'd care,
Well claustrophobia he.

Another one, when on his way,
Must tap fence-rails, you see.
Now what does this small act betray?
A Doctor Johnson he.

Again, some people bite their nails.
Now what has this revealed?
A temper bad, females or males!
It cannot be concealed.

If you should see a fox's tail
Peeping above the ground,
You'll know for sure, I will go bail,
That Reynard's somewhere round.

And last of all, my lady's smile
May seem a little thing,
And yet I know that all the while
Her heart with love doth sing.

So, even as a straw will show
The way the wind may list,
Whene'er you see those "cracks", you'll know
That "great lights" do exist.

H. O. WARD.

Blessed Life

The child upon the beach,
He never thinks to reach
 Up to the sky above.
 He only lets the golden sand
 Trickle through
 His baby hand.
The youth on that same beach
Is often known to reach
 Beyond its rippling shore,
 To swim its dangers o'er. . . .
 Returns no more.
And when the rising tide,
Washing us from view,
Has borne us to a distant shore,
Perchance we then will view
The golden strands
Of heavenly sands
 To run life's fingers through ;
Instead of time and memory
 We see the heavenly blue
 Within the bowl
 Of light divine,
And once again renew
 The baby hands
 Where trickling sands
Eternally run through.

MRS. WENDELL JONES.

“ Too Soon Men Die. . . . ”

Too soon men die ; and yet they court wild war,
That monstrous mistress with a fearful face,
Who, mocking, flings in death's dark greedy jaw,
In their sweet youth, the best seed of the race.

Too soon men die ; without this horror war.
Disease pursues them, famine dogs their way ;
Gales, floods and tempests know no human law ;
All these devour, men cannot bid them stay.

Too soon men die ; yet spoil this earth with war,
This lovely world, wherein all good things grow,
They stain with blood, uproot with cannon's roar ;
Men's broken bodies lie where flowers should blow.

Too soon men die ; God grant that they may think
No gain is worth this sacrifice of man ;
From bloodshed, maiming, blinding, may they shrink,
For life is good, and is so short a span.

EVELYN JACK.

Youth's Highway

Oh, youth, you are treading a pathway
Where lies a crown of thorn.
Oh, youth, at the top of this highway
Is waiting the Son of the Morn.
Oh, youth, shine forth in your glory ;

Throw backward your sorrow and woe,
For there you will have the glad story
Of a love that a Father could show.
Oh, youth, keep onward, press upward,
No matter how storm-tossed your ways.
Oh, youth, in humble obedience
Throw open your hearts to His grace ;
Strive ever to keep on the right track ;
Strive ever to conquer your sin,
For no matter what be your drawback
You will triumph if clinging to Him.
Oh, youth, there's a light on this Highway,
There's a Hand that holds it above,
There's a peace that possesses the weary
Which comes from the Great Heights of Love.
Oh, youth, keep on till you reach it !
Oh, youth, let no shadows prevail !
At the end there is Grace, there is Glory.
With that Light as your guide, you can't fail.

ANNIE M. KIDD.

The Little Tree

I passed a little tree when in the train ;
It stood quite close, just on the railway bank.
It was an autumn day, all sere and dank.
The mist rose up against the window-pane.
The little tree was wet, all splashed with rain.

The leaves so much delighted me, for they
Were gaily orange-hued ; it seemed to say :

"Behold me, all you creatures of the train!
Whoever you may be, some glad, some sad,
Some ill, some well, some filled with dreadful fear,

Will you not look at me, for I am here?
Oh, let my beauty help and make you glad."
So Nature's beauty always can help Man,
And always has, since ere the world began.

MISS MOULD.

The Good Shepherd

I stood upon a melancholy way,
And saw great plains before me, all astray,
With here and there a tuft of ill-fed grass, unsought,
And some sheep cropping there, but finding naught.
I gazed, and gazed again; it seemed so sad
To think that otherwhere
God's earth was glad.
Suddenly I saw the Shepherd—His eyes were kind,
And then I knew I need not mind
The melancholy way for any sheep,
Which all must tread to reach the deep
Of Heavenly Love for us; when wounded sore
The Shepherd comes, and then we starve no more.

MISS MOULD.

Mind Pictures

I see myself a little child
With face against the window-pane,
I see the branches tossing wild,
And hear the plashing of the rain.

Then come the cows along a lane,
And father in a cloak of blue
Comes briskly through the beating rain,
Driving them homeward, out of view.

How many moons have passed away !
And all but I have long forgot ;
But still the pictures of that day
Hang in my mind, and fade not

Now when the daylight fades to-night,
And winds moan with a dash of rain,
And men haste in to fire and light,
That old storm scene comes back again.

And I grow homesick for the sight
Of friends, and that loved blue-clad form,
A strange sweet loneliness at night,
Waked by the wailings of the storm.

REV. ROBERT MURRAY.

Hope

Although each day seems long and dreary now,
Wait ! and the smiles will once more smooth thy brow.
The longest road will turn in God's good time.
Courage ! Take heart ! His hand will strengthen thine.

When all goes wrong and troubles fast do bind,
His flashlight shines and lo ! the path we find,
And smooth the way appears, as day by day,
The difficulties fade beneath God's ray,
And peace, content and happiness will reign
In God's good time,
And life is sweet again.

MARIANNE HIPKINS.

A Sonnet

To the Nightingale

What notes afar float on the midnight air ?
So clear ! so sweet ! what visitant so fair
From Heaven above doth sing ? its notes so rare,
That mortals here forget all earthly care.

Ah ! yet again, those trills, vibrant with feeling,
As though an angel soloist were kneeling,
And pouring out a melody divine.

A silence falls : the stars seem now to shine
With greater lustre ; the shadowy trees,
Sway to and fro, caught by the gentle breeze,
That sighs and rustles as the soft-robed Night
Slips by, and vanishes before the light.

But hark ! again the harmonious lay
Bursts forth once more to greet the break of day.

MARIANNE HIPKINS.

Contentment

Wherever the spirit of life inhabits
There shall the heart have rest !
Beauty comes shy from the burrow of rabbits,
Wild from the blackbird's nest.

Wherever the spirit of beauty hovers
There shall contentment be !
There may be peace in the passion of lovers,
Rest in the wrack of the sea.

Wherever the spirit of love has being—
Here, yet how far from here—
We may see life with the eyes of seeing,
And have no more to fear.

K. VALERIE CHEVIS.

Failure

I will not have your pity ! I have fought
And lost, and there's an end ! Scorn if you must !
See, I have failed in the high test, and brought
The clean proud promises of youth to dust.

For all the agony of this you bring
A few poor tears. God is more kind than you ;
For every groan He strikes, until we fling
Some desperate challenge to the stars anew.

They say that failure is a surer way
To greatness than success. From bitter yearning
Perchance I shall achieve my dreams some day.
And in that hour these wasted tears that gall—
Knowing you cared when all the world went spurning—
May prove to me the greatest crown of all.

K. VALERIE CHEVIS.

A Day in March

All day long the clouds unceasing
 , Mass on mass have rolled along,
Grey, and white—and black and sullen
 One vast ever-changing throng.
All day long the wind incessant
 Gust on gust has echoed shrill,
Moaning, sobbing, sinking, rousing,
 Like some soul near death's dark rill.

Day is ending—clouds grow fainter,
Wind less shrill its howling makes,
See, the radiant blue of Heaven
O'er the sky in glory breaks !
Softer, slower, sobbing, sighing,
Faintly comes one last low moan,
'Tis the wind, exhausted, dying,
Driving the last cloudlet home.

All day long in yon tall spinney
Conflict savage, mad, has raged,
Whilst against the unseen monster,
Trees and branches battle waged.
Now they stand in wondrous stillness
Strange sweet sounds on silence fall,
O'er the hedge a blackbird whistles—
To their dams the wee lambs call.

In the west the sun triumphant
Sets 'mid splendour never told,
Gleaming red, and clearest amber,
Blue of turquoise, burnished gold—
Slowly sinking, slowly fading,
Softly sunset steals the day,
In the sweet calm hush of twilight
Hark! A thrush's mellow lay!

F. McC. JACKSON.

Thoughts of Home in France

My window looks the northern way,
And ever, when my eyes may roam,
My thoughts reflect and to me say :
“ Yes, yonder lies thy happy home.”

To thee, sweet home, my birth-place dear,
These thoughts of mine so often stray,
And to my eyes bring many a tear,
Which, grieved and sad, I wipe away.

How often, e'er to sleep I fall,
I think of thee beyond the sea,
And youthful memories recall !
Those cruel scenes still stay with me . . .

Some fated torment to me clings
And drains me of my every strength ;
Into the abyss of grief it flings
Me. Yet I *shall* see joy at length . . .

Relief from troublous dreams
That fill my mind unceasingly ;
Yet on a stormy sea, it seems,
They grimly mean to cradle me.

Oh, would that some pure essence sweet
Could from despairing sadness free
My aching soul ! Then would I meet
Life's many tasks more cheerfully.

Oh, would that some soft soothing stream
 Could freely flow my pained heart o'er,
And show me 'tis a passing dream
 Which goes—to visit me no more.

JOHN BEDDOES.

The Seasons

If Summer never ended, and Winter never came,
Would not the flowers wither beneath the sun's hot
 flame?

Would not the songsters tire, and weary of their song,
And wonder where the Winter was tarrying so long?

Would not the bees cease humming, when dry each
 nectar-cup,
And absent was the honey that they used to pile up?
The cuckoo would be silent, that gave his welcome call,
And crows would cease their cawing, up in the elm
 trees tall.

Rough may be Winter's tempest, and loud may be his
 blast,
But is there not some beauty in the mantle he doth
 cast?
Is not the scene enchanting when covered with his
 snow,
And spread upon the mountain, or in the valley low?

Bright Summer may boast beauty, with skies of cloud-
less blue,
And blooms of blushing roses, with their perfumes and
their hue,
Yet Winter with its tempests, and loud and howling
blasts.
Makes doubly welcome Springtime, when she her mantle
casts.

T. E. COLE.

Radnor Forest

The hills, the purple heather and the fern—
Above, a blue but softly cloud-flecked sky,
Near at hand a laughing, rushing burn,
Where silvery trout dart shimmeringly by.

There woolly, long-legged active mountain sheep
With vacant eyes feed leisurely at ease ;
Half-hid by bracken frightened rabbits creep,
And ponies graze, manes flowing in the breeze.

High overhead hover the preying hawks
Ready to swoop ; the curlew's wild weird cry
Is heard ; among the reeds a moorhen squawks,
And everywhere small twittering birds fly by.

A soft, yet almost rugged peacefulness
Everywhere pervades. One feels at rest.
Most countrysides are lovely, more or less,
But Radnor Forest pleases me the best.

D. HEWAT.

The Cornish Village

Down in the Cornish country
Where sea waves break and play,
A tiny Cornish village
Is built close to the bay.

The narrow streets are cobbled
And slope down to the sand,
And all along the gutters
Quaint shops and houses stand.

Upon the beach the calm sea
Laps round the fishing boats,
And on the deeper waters
A graceful white yacht floats.

There in the Cornish country
This little village stays,
With raftered low-roofed houses,
And quaint old-fashioned ways.

HONOR HUTTON.

Memories

I hear a soft and gentle murmur
As the wind my cheeks caress ;
'Tis a song of wind and weather,
Of the sea, and sky, at rest.

I have a fairer vision,
Of ships, and far-off climes ;
As in the restful dogwatch,
I hear the ship's bell chimes.

I hear the raging tempest,
And feel the blinding spray ;
I hear the roaring breakers,
Oh ! not so far away.

I see a lighthouse flashing
Its warning as I pass ;
I see a haven—a roadstead ;
And then—my dream is passed.

R. W. F. DEAN.

Divine Moments

To be true to one's ideal—ah, lofty aspiration !
to draw from its very source, holy inspiration :
Dear God, if for a season this could be,
surely to know heaven, and its beauties see,
could hold no greater rapture.

But those ecstatic moments—quickly fleeing,
when vanishing inspiration floods one's being,
could not long be an earthly portion—
would not all else seem gross contortion,
in contrast to such bliss?

Praise be to God for those moments rare
That expand the heart, and do the soul prepare
in some measure for the glories yet to be
and the beauty that terrestrial eyes can never see
until earth's obligation ceases.

Although ministering spirits are ever near,
'tis at that moment when falls the bitterest tear,
or, when the soul is bared with grief's intensity,
that the solace of their love, in its immensity
is perceived unerringly.

Ah! blessèd moments—as angel friends sustain
those who to the last, sorrow's dregs must drain :
As they lighten the darkest hour, before the dawn
heralds the rosy gleam of early morn :
the birth of another day.

Oh, beautiful moments—of peaceful union,
as spirit, with spirit, holds sweet communion :
Wonderful moments—of silent rapture,
in which one's soul does again recapture
life essence in its purity.

WINIFRED B. DADDS.

Canada

Canada ! Land of the maple !
Land of the stately pine !
Land where the flowing river
And the silver mists entwine,
Land where the lofty mountain
Guards well the wooded hills,
Where the sun and the moonlight brightens
And the mystic starlight thrills !

Here, in its breadth and vastness,
The mighty ocean rolls,
Here, in its dense, dim silence,
The fearsome forest holds
The tender strain of the song-bird,
The tread of the beast of prey,
Here the mines yield up their riches
To the prying light of day.

Oh, land of our hope and fondness !
Where our fathers lived and died !
May we in true uprightness,
Uphold thy lawful pride,
In the strong, the true, the noble,
The pure, the fair, the good,
The boundaries encircle,
In blood-bought brotherhood,

May rulers in their places,
Seek wisdom from above,
Whence fall the heavenly graces
Which guide in helpful love.

Which tune the hearts to singing,
Beating in thee, fair land,
A sure refrain undying,
“ In God alone we stand.”

EDITH M. ELLIOTT.

True Love

He alone doth understand—
Who loveth best his fellow-man.
For unto him true love hath shown
What self itself would blind alone.
For love that seeketh after truth
Shall find Love ; and love is the proof
Thereby : and Love can thus discern
What nothing else in life can learn.

Love is blind, so the poets say,
Yet God's True Love ne'er fades away.
It seeth all ; but, with just eye,
Eager the good in all to spy,
Can rise above the smaller sphere—
And still love on—with eyes yet clear !

JOHN ENGLAND.

Thy Masterpiece

The spider weaves his web so fine,
Which in the sun doth brightly shine ;
Or, 'midst the early morning dew,
With silver sparkles all anew.

He weaves industriously, with care,
His masterpiece—I see him there,
As he all day toils in between
The bushes, now so fresh and green.

And, as the spider daily weaves—
So man his destiny achieves ;
He spans life's bushes hour to hour,
And toils on with increasing power.

Oh, man, weave thou a web to shine
In sun, or sparkle with the dew,
That, when thou hast fulfilled thy time—
Thy masterpiece shall prove thee true.

JOHN ENGLAND.

My Prayer

Lord grant that with mine eyes I see,
The beauties round me here on earth,
Lord grant that I might find the key,
To fit the lock of their true worth.

Then I may pass that gate at will,
That leads into his garden fair ;
There rest awhile and drink my fill,
Of all the pleasure waiting there.

May see the beauty of the grass,
Of birds and beasts, of trees and flowers,
And ere life's fleeting moments pass,
May grasp the treasure that is ours.

And in that time when Nature's law,
Decrees that life and I must part,
Lord, grant the beauty that I saw,
May linger still within my heart.

FLORENCE FOSTER.

The Silver Jubilee

(May 1935)

Here's health unto His Majesty, and to our gracious
Queen,
On this, their Silver Jubilee—the gladdest ever seen !
Old Britain is bedecked with flags, and has gone wild
with glee,
And through the coming weeks will show her love and
loyalty.

Yes, British hearts are loyal hearts, though fearless,
frank and free !
They know the sterling value of our Royal Family ;
No President could hope to bend our Empire to his will,
And no Dictator ever could the kingly office fill.

Therefore, with deep thanksgiving, we will keep this
Jubilee,

And ask God's blessing on our land through all the
years to be ;

May all the wrongs be righted soon, and all the needs
supplied !

In peace and safety may we dwell—a people satisfied !

The waving flags and ringing bells our joyful thanks
will tell,

To our good King and gracious Queen, who have served
Britain well ;

But if such wealth of love be due to them, what will
it be

When the King of kings returneth for Earth's Great
Jubilee ?

I think King George would be the first to give him
homage meet,

And our good Queen would lay her crown with joy at
Jesu's feet :

The Prince of Wales would serve Him well, and follow
in His train,

And all the Royal Family would welcome His great
reign.

So we will give them loyal love, till Jesus comes again,
To bring us peace and plenty, and to free the world
from pain.

May our King and Queen live long, and rule with wisdom
sound,

Then, in the Kingdom of our God, be with His blessing
crowned !

CHARLOTTE E. FARNSWORTH.

Don't Give Up

If you find your path obstructed,

Don't give up :

If you think you're unprotected,

Don't give up :

Just keep going forward still,

And your soul with courage fill ;

Press right onward with a will.

Don't give up.

When your troubles mount up higher,

Don't give up :

Though you're passing through the fire,

Don't give up.

Some may think you're wasting time,

Others you're not worth a dime,

But set decision to a rhyme—

Don't give up.

If you've all but lost your courage,

Don't give up.

If you've heard a doleful message,

Don't give up.

If you're in dejection cast,

If you're told the best is past,

If you feel that it's your last,

Don't give up.

If you find you're almost vanquished,

Don't give up ;

Though your path seems full of anguish,

Don't give up ;

Though you see none to defend,
Vigour Providence will send,
And you'll conquer in the end ;
Don't give up.

ISAAC J. WARNER.

The Spirit of Ramsay

At night o'er lake you softly rise
Clothed in snowy mist . . .
Upraised your arms
As though to fly to realms above,
Yet float along, hem-kissed.
Round isle and inlet, bay and cliff,
What seek you from the moon?
Doth homage pay
No storm nor tide for morrow's sun,
No rain nor torrents soon?
Perchance, like monk in soulful prayer,
No wrecked ships though æons old.
Thanksgiving give
To God of Waters for an inland home
Northern beams and paths of gold.

SARAH GRACE.

The Sussex Downs

The Sussex Downs they rise and fall, and billow by
the sea,

And hamlets cradle in their folds, of great antiquity ;
The organ music of the sea is wafted by the breeze ;
The gentler notes of birds and wind make music in the
trees.

So there is cadence of the Downs, and cadence o'er the
Downs,

And though they be not mountains, the dwellers in the
towns

They lift their hearts and lift their eyes to where the
downlands rise,

And thank God for his goodness, and His provision wise
In giving them these rolling downs to break the stormy
blast

Which blows in from the ocean when the skies are
overcast.

The children love the springy grass which lawns the
downs and ups,

They love the many flowers a-growing in the hollow
cups.

And very tiny little ones can climb the downy heights—
The mountains they would be too steep for toddling
feet of mites.

So Sussex folk they envy not the dwellers of the Lakes,
They are content with lesser joys that Sussex downland
makes.

The Summer crowd that seaward flocks to shingle and
to sand,

They do not know the joy of those who drink the air
inland—

From just above the beach and shore, there where the
down lines cease,

The watchers from the grassy heights can view the sea
in peace.

Give me the Sussex up-land downs, above the Sussex
beach,

With all the gentle trend of thought that only they can
teach.

I will not cry for greater joy, for higher things than
these—

The mellow gladness of the downs—the velvet of their
breeze !

The heaven-scented perfume so intoxicating sweet,
A blend of something more than the crushed flowers at
my feet.

So many miss the lesser joys, while seeking something
great,

And never reaching greater joys, they lay the blame on
“ Fate.”

For me, the heights I can attain are quite enough for
earth—

The higher things will be for me when Heaven grants
re-birth.

So I will joy in Sussex downs that skirt the Sussex sea,
I trust them to prepare me for God's heavenly ecstasy.

RICHARD K. SORABJI.

Hérons

Through the mild stillness of our murky sky,
Winging a lonely flight with rhythmic beat,
Passes a heron, keeping his course high,
Straining along in westerly retreat.

From what delightful haunt and loved abode,
Came he to travel on his weary way?
Was it a lure, an instinct, or a goad,
Rendered him homeless thus? Where will he stay?

Has he been bred sensing the open sea?
Or was he nurtured in seclusion's peace?
Will joy the ending of this travelling be,
Or will all consciousness with action cease?

Life is too vague for conscience to have care!
Only we sense, when such a bird has flown,
Some of the pathos that was hovering there,
Beating a passage through the haze, alone!

OLIVIA J. ROGERS.

A Jubilee Ebenezer

1885 — JUNE 23RD — 1935

'Twas early morning, fifty years ago to-day
At New Street Chapel, just across the way,
I left my shop, my dear one left her room,
For by that love which is divine, our hearts were made
at tune!

Then, met by that dear man of God, who was the
Pastor there—

Well known was he for Christian sympathy and care—
His blessing on our union, in prayer was his desire,
Then followed words of counsel, our spirits to inspire.
So when that question, all-important to each one was
given,

Deep in our hearts, and also in the sight of Heaven,
We both with truth, and purpose firm could say—
“ I will ” to the momentous contract made that day.

Yes, it's fifty years ago, and looking back,
What mercy and what goodness, strewn all along our track.
Sometimes has come deep sorrow! Great trials would
arise,

A challenge to unfaith, though darkness dimmed our eyes,
Bereavement, too, and loss, has been allowed to come,
We will not question why, but say “ Thy will be done.”
For never has there been a time when we in trouble sought
With all our hearts His face, His help, but He has
comfort brought,

Oftimes in ways we had not thought, or ever could
have known,
Has His delivering hand of Love beyond our faith been
shown !

So by these facts, which we have proved, and often
answered prayer,

We forward go in His dear name ; to live, to do and dare.
Assured He never will forsake, though we at times may
fail,

God give us true obedient hearts, and help us to prevail.
That “ Heritage of Blessing ”, too, the children he has
given,

The four, who still are here below, and those He's
called to Heaven.

So looking back these many years along the winding
way,
We can, with humble gratitude, our Ebenezer say ;
And looking on to paths unknown, if long or short
they be,
The vision most at last we crave, His own dear Face
to see.

J. PIGOTT.

Earthly King Versus Heavenly King

Earthly king arrayed in splendour,
Crowned with glory, honoured much,
In the nation loud rejoicing,
All things decked with Beauty's touch.

King Immanuel there so lowly,
Crowned with thorns all pierced and torn,
Scoffing crowds around thee thronging,
All things marred by hateful scorn.

Earthly king again we see thee,
Humbly at the Cross you stand,
Laying down your sins and sorrows,
There to join Immanuel's band.

King Immanuel, only Saviour,
Now in Heaven exalted high,
Yet for even the meanest vagrant,
Thou the shameful Death did die.

Earthly king, once more we see thee,
Death upon thy sovereign brow,
Sorrow fills the land with wailing—
Where are all thy glories now?

King Immanuel raised in glory,
Conqueror over Death and Grave,
Everlasting is the story,
"Omnipotent—alone He saves."

Earthly king and earthly glory,
All will perish and decay,
But the soul saved by Immanuel,
Spotless is and lives for aye.

I. M. MACBAIN.

Quayside

The river is below. A sullen sea
Of darkness that makes pale the starless sky.
It ceaseless mutters round the concrete quay.
It breathes and whispers fretful up to me.
Beyond, the twinkling points of gold dust show
The hidden shore. Between, a moving stream
Of lights that mark the endless come and go
Of tramp and barge and liner to and fro.
It tells of ports, sun-bleached in tropic guiles,
Atolls all lovely in a southern sea.
Of chasmic depths of water, gorgeous aisles
Of weed where opahs flash and plunge, and miles
Of coralled mosque and spire and palace green. . . .
A gull comes floating from the darkness, white
And ghostlike, cries out sadly, and is seen
No more; but still the river, laving clean,
Whispers her plaintive lay throughout the night.

NORRIS HARVEY.

The Coming of Love

Love, thy praises let me sing !
Others have spoken, sung and played
But my love is so great a thing,
My heart so young, so gently swayed
By its sweet numbers tender played.

Each chord vibrates as underneath a hand
That plays and plucks the strings,
And from my wakened soul celestial music brings.
O that ever 'neath thy touch
I could remain thy lover and as such
Warm thy chill hands against my breast,
Feel thy firm lips against mine firmly prest,
Clinging to thee, suspended in eternal space,
My hands caressing thy dear face.

ELIZABETH JOHNSTON.

On the Passing of a Loved One

Hearts do not break so easily
Nor souls die—
A certain numbness may prevail
Which passes from us and we descry
Through mists of pain a still more lovely vale,
Where flowers are sweeter, verdure greener,
Than that last land
Where our loves lie—only with us now
As faint remembered touches of the hand.

ELIZABETH JOHNSTON.

Love Fulfilled

PART I

The Maiden

Beneath the silver moon so bright
The age-old drama ran ;
A maiden sat, her eyes alight,
Before her knelt a man,
With raptured gaze and reverent touch.
His words seemed but a breath—
How dared he ask of her so much ?
Her answer ?—" Yours, till death."

PART II

The Wife

The church is packed. All plans are laid
The same two stand so still—
" Will you this man, and you this maid ?"—
Their answers come, " We will."
He leads her forth unto their home,
The dearest place in life ;
No matter what may go or come,
Her calling's that of Wife.

PART III

The Mother

Two radiant souls, their home seems blest
With God's best gift of peace.
The crowning blessing, and the best,
Shall come ere days do cease.

Into the woman's eyes there creeps
A light that's like no other :
Beside her on the pillow sleeps
One who will call her mother.

M. J. HASLAM.

The Sling and Stone

Goliath of Gath, a Philistine,
Six cubits and a span,
Was in bygone days, in Palestine,
A giant kind of man.

He led armies of the Philistines,
In many battles fought,
And his success in the fighting lines
Unique his country thought.

When the noble lords of Askelon
Invaded Canaan land,
Agag, the King, did lead the van,
But Goliath held command.

In coat of mail and greaves of brass,
War helmet, sword and shield—
His spearhead's weight did well outclass
A weaver's beam to wield.

Day by day did he brag and boast,
Along the lines he trod
Insulting Israel, from coast to coast—
Defying Israel's God.

At length, the God of the Hebrew race
Rejected Saul, their King,
And David went Goliath to face
“ With only stone and sling ”.

Now Goliath knew both sword and shield,
“ Stone-shot ” he did not know,
Which entered his head on that fatal field
And killed him at a blow.

From Elah Valley his armies fled,
Leaving the corpse of Gath—
A hecatomb of vast bloodshed
And unique aftermath.

G. HENDERSON.

The Call of the Moorlands

We are off to-day to the glorious moorlands,
Leaving cares behind ;
Four of us in roving mind.
Jaunty and gay we wend our way
Over the bracken and twigs.
The roads are so rough, the lanes are so long,
Yet away in the distance we hear a glad song,
For someone is climbing the moorlands.

“ Hello ! Cheerio ! ” We're in sight of the moorlands,
Stepping briskly along
The soft mossy mounds all among.
Rabbits and deer come running quite near

To nibble the leaves in the hedge.
We bask in the sunshine and light swelling breeze
As we trudge up the path by the old hawthorn trees
Lying close to the foot of the moorlands.

“ Hurrah ! Bravo ! ” Enchanting moorlands !
Paradise on earth,
This country of our birth !
The view is fine, the air sublime,
And we feel happy too.
We settle round 'midst the grass and the heather
The while we enjoy nature's beauty together
And partake of our lunch on the moorlands.

Adieu to you, bewitching moorlands !
Now we depart,
Gratitude in our heart.
The sun is hid behind the clouds,
The birds are flying low,
And from the pastures that lie to the right
The farmer is calling his cows for the night
As we steal a last look at the moorlands.

EDITH HAMER.

If

If we could look into the Future
What a change it would make in our lives,
We would not do half the wrong that we do now,
We would see things with quite different eyes.

Would it help us to stifle our passions?
Would it keep us from going astray?
Would it help us with life's petty trials
To know things would come right some day?

Some like to live in the present,
Not giving a thought to the tears
They will shed for the sins and the follies
They commit in the passing of years. . . .

We like to think there's a Heaven ;
We dread to think there's a Hell :
Yet we make for ourselves here on earth
A foretaste of both. Who can tell?

B. TYERMAN.

Kashmir

Kashmir, land of the lotus lily,
Where the sweet zitaras softly play,
Land of the peaceful whispering poplar,
I'm coming back to thee one day.
Saffron all purple in the twilight,
Lilac swaying with peerless grace,
How I sigh for thee and all thy beauty !
How I long to be in thy embrace !
Soft murmuring sounds of sweetest eastern music,
Re-echoing through the tender perfumed air,
Crown-lilies in their stately flaming glory,

Madonna lilies, queenly, pure and fair,
Irises in fields of whispering purple,
Daffodils in yellow raiment bright,
Sunflowers lifting heavenwards their faces,
Moonflowers shining faintly in the night,
Sun-kissed waters rippling, while the zephyrs
Softly sing a soothing lullaby. . . .
And graceful swans afloat amid the lilies
Echo distantly my longing cry.

JOAN PRATT-JOHNSON.

Voices of the Night

When shadows round us are falling
And the sun is breathing "Good-night,"
Sometimes we hear voices calling,
 Calling us into the night.

Look up; the stars are shining,
The skies are all alight,
And the wise moon looks down smiling
 As we go out into the night.

Ah, surely the fairies are busy!
These pictures are made by some sprite,
For frosty cobwebs are gleaming
 As we walk on into the night.

Stroll through the woods in springtime,
Such riches are there to delight,
And the glories of nature twine round you
 As you go on into the night.

Cool fragrant nights of summer,
With their world of mystic sights,
Call all alike, making lovers
Of going into the night.

And look at the ripening cornfields
In the harvest moon's soft light !
'Tis the glory before the dawning,
And we linger into the night.

But what of the nights that are stormy
With the rage of the elements' might ?
A siren's voice calls us to succour,
And we go out into the night.

Time passes ; now life's work is done,
And the night is creeping on.
Voices are hushed at the voice of One
Calling us home from the night.

MIRIAM M. PRATT.

Litany to the Living

By the patience of wounded, the peace and the cheers
of the blind,
By the calm of the poor that in courage and sorrow
have mined,
By the souls of the dead that have tasted mortality's
rind,
Let us go on.

By thunderous cloud-bursts and hail storms, levin and
heat of the sun,

By eclipses, earthquakes and comets, planets and
fainting moon,

By the shade of the plane-tree that whimpers, and work
to be done,

Let us go on.

By the light of the garden at evening, and flowers that
close,

By the blood of carnations and peonies, the heart of
the rose,

By the stir of the branches and grasses where still the
wind blows,

Let us go on.

By the wisdom and visions of sages who cherish the
earth,

By the image that haunts the pale dreamer, long after
she wakes,

By the faith of the pilgrim whose hopes will be coming
to birth,

Let us go on.

By the sweet-scented soil that refreshes and banishes
gloom,

By the horror and fear of the threads of black Destiny's
loom,

By the cold prison-chains and the ice and the chill of
the tomb,

Let us go on.

By the love of the Martyrs who fell for our souls sacri-
ficed,

By the eyes of the Virgin who washes our sleep with
her tears,

By the cavalry squadrons of Michael, battalions of
Christ,
Let us go on.

By the fragrance of lilies in summer and whispering
rain,

By the leaves that are copper and shrunken, forgetful
of pain,

By the juniper shrubs and green yews and the flowers
that remain,

Let us go on.

MERRIK NAPER.

God Heals the Broken-hearted

When precious ties are broken, Father,
Thou canst see Thy children's grief,
Thou art waiting, ever waiting,
To give comfort and relief.
Thou canst heal the broken-hearted.
They will never ask in vain
If they come to Thee, dear Father,
Asking in the Saviour's name.

When these stricken ones have sought Thee
And have found Thy wondrous grace,
Thou wilt never, never leave them
If they seek Thy resting-place.
Thou wilt be their rock of ages
And the refuge of their soul
If they cleave more closely to Thee
When the stormy billows roll.

When at last life's journey's ended
And Thou callest them to rest,
They will meet their blessed loved ones
In the mansions of the blest.
Oh, the joy of that reunion,
When in heaven they meet again
Singing Glory Hallelujah
And Hosannah to God's name !

They will bow their heads in worship
When they see His smiling face,
Singing : " Glory to the Highest !
We are sinners saved by grace ! "
What a welcome He will give them,
For He knows the path they trod,
But it ended up in glory
Round the Blessed Throne of God !

MARGARET PARSONS.

Love's Hiding-Place

One morning in the springtime
When my heart was full of glee
I heard a voice a-calling :
" Play hide-and-seek with me ! "

I knew that voice so gentle ;
It was the voice of Love.
At once I started searching—
I scanned the skies above.

Behind each cloud so fleecy
I looked ; but all in vain.
I peered through rays of sunshine,
I hunted in the rain.

I climbed upon the mountain
And scanned the ocean blue,
I looked in every valley,
I searched the tree-tops too.

I asked each little raindrop,
Each gentle breeze that blew,
Each fluttering little butterfly,
But not one of them knew.

I peered behind the shadows
Of every dusky nook,
'Neath every little pebble
In a gay and babbling brook.

Then I heard the sound of music,
And I followed closely by
As it led me through the garden
Under a starlit sky.

I peeped inside the rosebuds
That scent the sweet night air
And then my heart leaped triumphant.
I found Love hiding there !

WILHELMINA MOSES.

I Have Loved

Yes, I have loved.

And who that ever loved
Would task him to delineate the parts
Of the loved one?

O, that were far a task
Out of the capability of man! . . .

True love will witness. . . . Yet, birth of the May,
Things beautiful, things noble, things sublime,
Thou papest forth among.

Eyes "full of grace",
Heart-liftingly, heart-breakingly beautiful. . . .

Joy beauty bred was ever touched of sorrow. . . .

Mirror of angel looks.

And O, Thy face
And form, as "the sweet face of Nature" sweet!
Not angel more the angel whose ward Thou.

Holy companion! . . .

Holy companionship!
Hamlet has his Horatio, Christ His John.

JOHN McMURRAY.

Poesy

Rose in the garden literary
Of majestic minds ;
Age-to-age chain of gold-linked thoughts
That earth with heaven binds.

Bright ladder by which we may scale
Grace's, sweetness' height ;
Teacher of clear nobility,
Holy, chaste, upright !

Could but thy purity of charm
Win o'er the hearts of men,
How soon a vain, deluded world
Should find its peace again !

JOHN MCMURRAY.

Home Thoughts

The old home still is standing,
But the children are away ;
When the wanderlust was calling
None of them would answer " Nay ".
Parted now. Some sleep for ever,
And united ne'er they'll be,
But the old home still is calling,
Asking : " Where can they all be ? "

They do say homes have no fancies,
Have no pain or heartaches too,
But I fancy old home's thinking
Of him sleeping 'cross the blue,
Sees again that little laddie,
Sees him tall and manly too ;
Knows he lived and died a soldier
For the red and white and blue.

JANET MURIEL MONTGOMERY

The Narrow Way

The saddest tears are those that never fall,
But are held back, and smarting in the eyes.
The truest prayers can find no words at all,
But flutter wearily to God in sighs.

We must not weep if we would see the road
That we must travel with our curse of care :
We must not weep, though weary with our load ;
'Tis never heavier than we can bear.

We need not speak, if with our hearts we pray,
And by our living try to do His will.
He leads us gently in the Narrow Way
And when we murmur, whispers : " Peace, be still."

DOLORES EDWARDS.

Reflected Glories

Out on the edge of the hillside
The maples in yellow and red
Reflect the glories of autumn,
And make Mother Earth a warm bed.

Lovers of nature find there
Sweet rest at the close of day :
The hillside's glow brings calmness,
Its glory gives bouquets gay.

And children love the splendour
Of the trees with their colours bright ;
Their little feet tread in wonder
The hillside with dancing delight.

Birds in the tree-tops sing gaily ;
They tell of the glad days gone by,
And trill forth their songs of sweetness,
Their farewells, ere southward they fly.

Oh, green, red and gold of autumn,
No beauty with yours can compare !
It fills tired hearts with gladness,
And helps them for snow to prepare.

MABEL MURRAY.

Spring-time

Hail, spring-time, when the days are clear,
And skies are blue, and flowers spring.
The winter days so long and drear
Are soon forgotten when you sing.

Thus should life's spring-time ever be,
One sweet glad song some heart to cheer ;
That summer with her tints and grace
Might radiate it all the year.

MABEL MURRAY.

Sureness

When all things merge into a deafening blur,
I close my eyes and see gold butterflies
Flit by my daffodils in their garden small,
A white gate opening beneath an elm,
Where rows and rows, so straight and tall,
See moons set red and daystars fade.
As certainly as coming springs bring back my reedy
rills
Will good come to be from the strife,
The loneliness and pain of life give place to daffodils.

ALBERTA IRENE MORTON.

My Lady's Garden

In my lady's lovely garden
Stands my lady's garden-seat,
Round which, in wild profusion,
Grow roses red and sweet.

My lady used to wander
For many happy hours
About her scented garden
Among her dreaming flowers.

She'd linger, lost in fancies,
Over her broidery frame,
Until into that garden
Love a-straying came.

Years have passed by—many,
Since that chance befell,
And others tend the flowers
My lady loved so well.

But still, when dusk is falling
Two 'midst the blossoms meet,
And wander through the roses
By my lady's garden-seat.

And mignonette and roses,
Listening as before,
Hear an old, old question answered,
As it was in days of yore.

MARY M. B. DOUGAL.

At Close of Day

The evening shadows fall,
And in the sky a million stars appear
At twilight's call.

High in the heavens above
A silvery moon sends forth its beams
Of tender love.

By now the little stream
Has long since ceased its murmurings,
Content to dream.

The church upon the hill
Guards all beneath her as she stands
A holy sentinel.

EILEEN CLARKE.

Friendship

What does our friendship mean to you, I wonder?
A threefold bond which naught on earth can sunder?

Light never seen in air, on land or sea,
A soaring flame enkindled mutually?

Love, spirit's fruit, so rare to mortals given,
A gift containing less of earth than heaven?

Peace, deep tranquillity, in which we find
An understanding of the Eternal Mind?

KATHERINE CHARTERS.

Autumn

The summer wanes,
And o'er the earth with mantle red and gold
Dame Autumn spreads her rustling gown
Of loveliness untold.

The flowers fade,
The trees that flourished lately, young and gay,
Are dying fast, and breezes whip the leaves
On ground to lay.

Across the fields
Where buttercups and daisies gaily bloomed
A mist appears, and silence reigns supreme,
For summer's doomed.

Oh, cruel Autumn,
Cold and relentless with your mocking breeze,
You sadden us, and leave us nothing else
But memories.

EILEEN CLARKE.

Spring-time

Of all the seasons of the year
I think I love the spring the best,
For, in its soft and vernal air,
"Hope springs eternal" in the breast.

Blue cloudless skies look down upon
God's earth new-dressed in gladness,
While incense-laden zephyrs float
Dispelling winter's sadness.

Soon as the glorious wattle spills
Its dust from blossoms golden,
My spirit soars—nay, seems to fly,
So much can joy embolden.

Sweet-scented almond blossoms shed
Rose petals like the dawning,
Emblem of happy bride arrayed
Upon her wedding morning.

Blithely the swallow builds her nest,
Reckless of all the litter,
Right up above our lattice-top,
Where soon her young will twitter.

Fearless, the happy little bee
Its perfumed store amasses
From rose and poppy, and he hums
As on his way he passes.

Tasks that seemed hard and burdensome
In dark and chilly weather
Now light as thistledown become.
No weightier than a feather.

I'll give to the winds my fears and sins
Of winter's bitter hoarding,
And trust that He who made this earth
Will pardon me according.

NAOMI COLLINS.

My Mother's Dress

It was an evening in the long ago.
A festive spirit filled the air—
Our yearly ball displayed a special show :
“ Full fancy dress ” each guest must wear.

And so I wore my mother's ancient dress,
Herself a memory sublime—
I felt a great, a growing tenderness
For this dear relic of her prime.

I loved the dainty flowers on ground of gold—
The shades of some long-past romance
That seemed to hide within each graceful fold
Its subtle beauty to enhance.

One more there was who eyed it lovingly—
A guest of honour at the ball.
“ And is it really old ? ” he questioned me,
His admiration clear to all.

And when we danced—in perfect harmony—
His hand caressed my gown, I knew.
“ It suits you charmingly ! ” he smiled at me ;
And in his eyes was something new.

'Twas thus my own romance began, and love
Enwrapped me in *her* golden gown.
Still 'neath its tender shield, I daily prove
How much its precious wealth has grown.

And mother's gown we dearly cherish still,
And, by its bed of lavender,
Renew its fragrant memories until
From these we see a vision stir.

And thus we two, with voices where Love's call
Yet quivers, in soft tones that bless,
Remember to this day that happy ball
Where first I wore my mother's dress.

MABEL BASNETT.

The Gentle Zephyr

Exquisitely soft and gentle is the zephyr,
Scarcely kisses the leaf of the aspen tree
Into tremulousness, or ripples the sea of air
Through which it floats so joyously and free.

Surely thou art that mild breeze of the west,
That wind which wafted quiveringly through Eden;
That comes when Nature herself, in Easter robes invest,
Like Heaven, the earth to beautify and gladden.

J. ALFRED OAKES.

Gifts

Have you seen the blush of a rose in June
In the dusk of a day that is done?
She hides her heart from a pale young moon
When she's bared herself to the sun.

Have you ever seen tall stately yew-trees
Throw their shadows on velvety lawns,
On fountains and caste Grecian beauties,
Then imagined the nymphs and fawns?

Have you known the scent of a garden
In the sunshine after rain,
Which dries the ground that is sodden
And draws breath from the flowers again?

Have you seen the light of the harvest moon
On a shimmering summer sea—
The joy of a night which is gone too soon
But stays in the memory?

Don't you love the scent of new-mown hay
On the sigh of an evening breeze—
The scent which tells the toil of the day
When the red sun's sunk in the trees?

Don't you love to watch the willow bough
Bend his silver leaves to the river
On the breeze which brings the low of a cow
From the meadow where aspens quiver?

If you've known all these, though rich or poor,
They're God's gifts to those who please—
You have untold treasure in store
In a thousand things other than these.

MARY I. BOSTOCK.

Ben Irrahim

Now Ben Irrahim was a Mohammedan bold
A philosopher sage, in learning wise,
In worldly knowledge he was old,
Had troubled to travel far and wide,
And deeply regretted the evil bestride.

Well versed in seven seats of faith,
He lived as became a Nazarene,
And smiled at man's disordered faith,
Said, "I believe a little of each one,
Not all of any. They're mostly wrong."

He wept with compassion for the human race,
Oh, that so much needs righting ;
He prayed to Allah with greater grace,
A chance to rule with the iron rod,
He'd make the earth to worship God.

One night he awakened from his sleep,
To see a vision frowning, stern,
Was this the Azrael of twilight deep?
Saying, "Irrahim, are you he who'd remake,
Or the world upon your shoulder take?"

“ Now learn to gather wisdom new,
For Allah's left hand holds destiny.
I ask again, but who are you,
That swears to rule with the iron-rod,
So eager to guide the hand of God.”

So Ben Irrahim learnt yet a little more,
Said he, with a happy smile,
“ In wisdom how foolish is my lore,
For the more I learn, the less I know,
I'll kneel to the spirit and bow me low.”

WEIR WATSON.

Futility

When the golden sun has lost its joy,
And the glittering moon its dreams,
Your treasures turn to false alloy,
While nothing's as good as it seems.

Hope, it is but a lure for fools,
The living truth is a gilded lie,
The waters of life are stagnant pools,
And beauty one with blooms that die.

There is no song worth the singing,
On earth nothing clean draws breath,
Despair is a message bringing
That the finish of all is death.

G. H. ALLEYNE.

My Prayer

Father of Love—accept my humble prayer !
I would that Thou shouldst make me
All Thine own, and keep me Thine ;
Thou knowest, Lord, that I am weak and frail,
And that the human voice is closed to me,
But if you take my hand and lead me on,
I know that I shall safely reach my home.
I know that Thou didst give Thy life for me,
It is not much that I can give to Thee—
Though Thou shouldst take my all—
It is not mine to give : Thou gavest it to me,
And if You take my treasures back
It is because Thou lovest me.
I do not ask the reason why, only that You **will**
Take my hand and lead me on,
When life is dark and I am sad and lonely.
Then may I feel Thy loving arms around me,
Whispering sweet words of comfort and of cheer.
Then I shall know that Thou art near.

ROSA PARSONS.

Home

Oh, it may be in a tiny village,
That lives among tall trees,
That owns a garden filled with thyme,
And heather and heart-ease.
Or it may be only a tenant home
Upon a city street,
But if it is indeed a home
The soul is just as sweet.

It may be costly, built of bricks
And polished, carven steel—
It may be of hewn logs
But if it makes us feel
A sense of comfort and of peace,
With loveliness and rest,
It does not matter how it looks,
For it is thrice blest.

A home needs more, you see, than walls,
And stately rooms, well-planned ;
It needs the sense of song and touch
Of soft gentle hands.
It needs the prayers from earnest lips,
Addressed to One whose grace
Made home and all that home may mean
Bloom in a stable place.
Home, sweet Home . . . even a log hut
Filled with grace.
Ever so humble.

W. C. POLLARD, LL.B

I Wonder

Down in the opalescent deep,
Under the sparkling, heaving wave,
There she has found unbroken sleep. . . .
Let thunder roll, let tempest rave.
Will she rise at the trumpet's sound?
Fair of face as she was of yore,
Among the myriad others drowned,
From the sand of the deep sea floor?

G. H. ALLEYNE.

Symphonic Elegy

Skies rent asunder, there was thunder
And Heaven rained down Hell,
There was a cause for this torment,
There was a cry, oh, sad lament,
No good did come of wrong,
And now these souls paid toll.
God paid a debt,
But not with money,
He turned hell loose
On a sky so sunny,
And did they pray?
Yes, but all in vain,
Down it came, torrential rain,
A flood, men dearly paid. . . .
There was a peace, uncanny peace;
Stillness as in death.
The World made start anew,
One little band of people,
Indeed, they were but few. . . .
In all the centuries since,
The God who sent a warning
Most probable in April
One bright sunny morning
A shower of rain may fall,
The rainbow shows us clearly
This God still loves us dearly;
Perhaps, another sunny morning,
If men persist in sin,

'Tis tragic, O, this thought,
If God must keep on warning,
To think they take no heed,
Hell fire will be let loose.

L. MCGUIRE.

Baby's Prayer

Dear God, who lives above me,
I know it's hard on you,
But mummy says you love me
So what can a baby do?

I simply must write you a letter
To ask some help for You
Can make grandpapa better—
You know I love him, too.

To you, dear God, his address I'll send,
So you'll know just where to go ;
He lives on the tramline, just at the bend,
In the house where the roses grow.

So walk up the path and ring the bell,
And granny will show you the way,
And, please, God, make him quickly well,
For I love him and want him to stay.

And now, dear God, I must go to bed,
So to you I will say " Good night "
Bless mummy and daddy and Uncle Fred,
And keep them safe this night.

GERTRUDE C. ROBERTS.

Some Girls

Some girls suggest you take them to the show,
They also tell you what they love and hate ;
While most of them will kindly let you know
That they are very fond of chocolate.

Tastes differ, quite frequently, of course :
Some have a preference for fish and chips,
Oftimes they just as willingly endorse
A proposal for the meeting of two lips—

The girl who takes a pleasure in prize fights,
Though sanctioned, very truly, by the state,
Is legally entitled to her rights,
But not the type of girl to emulate.

These females who can laugh and shout and cheer,
Delighted when the blood begins to flow,
Such contests often ending a career
For ever—the receiver of one blow.

To take delight in such a ghastly part,
Filling with noisy crowds our city halls,
By lauding up this so-called “ Noble Art ”
Which often terminates in common brawls.

We may express our wonder and surprise
That girls should very seldom show resent,
When City Councillors can patronise
Such questionable profits as Hall Rent.

The best of girls desire a happy home,
With loving husband always to preside,
Rejoicing every time the children come
To brighten up the family fireside.

All cheerful girls who love to share this life,
Have got, in every case, the better chance
Of turning out by far the happier wife,
Than giddy girls just looking for romance.

R. SHANKS.

What the World Needs

The world needs men of tender heart, not full of war
and strife,
A kindly word, a helping hand, 'tis these that make
the life
Worth living, not treading down the beggar in the
gutter,
But lift him up, with words that you can utter,
And set him on his feet, a new man wanted for some
daily toil,
Not treated as a serpent, from which all men recoil.
Oh, ye, who could have helped but would not,
Woe unto you this day !
But they who would have helped and could not,
Oh, pity them, I say.

EDITH A. SANDERS.

Barn Music

Music hath charm,
E'en in a barn,
There's Peter with Jew's harp
And Solly with comb,
Betty, with cake-tin,
Taken from home.

The hay smells sweet
And the music is loud,
But on the dear faces
There's not a cloud.

The barn door is closed
If you look through
The Crack,
Betty is sitting
On her old mack.

Now Farmer Moore
Knocks on the door,
Betty, opening shyly,
Says, " Mr. Moore if you
Stop for the concert,
You pay one-and-four."

MOLLIE WEARN.

My Country

Oh, country, my country, I heard you calling me,
I feel the magic of your fields, and every flower and
tree ;

I heard the blackbird singing, so early in the morn,
I see the sparkling dewdrops, and all the waving corn ;
The tall majestic woodlands, with cool and shady
bowers,

The sunbeams dancing to and fro, and gentle summer
showers.

I see the cottage gardens, where the rambler roses
grow,

And the wild and rugged moorlands, where the chilly
breezes blow,

The cows and horses grazing, and the little lambs at
play,

And the murmur of the tiny stream as it flows on each
day.

Oh, country, my country, the dearest place on earth,
Thy voice is ever haunting me, how can I tell your
worth ?

I long for peace and quiet, within your narrow lanes,
Where I can leave behind me, my sorrows, tears and
pains,

I see again the churches, the steeples and the towers,
The old owl in the belfry, and the graves all fresh with
flowers,

I hear the children's voices from the school across the
way,

And I see the full moon shining on the fields of new-
mown hay,
And one day, not far distant, I'll be coming back to
dwell
Within my own dear countryside, the place I love so
well.

EDITH A. SANDERS.

The Dawn Will Come Again

The daylight fades, across the darkening sky the
last faint streak of crimson ray lingers as
though loth to leave ;
The sun, like some great ball of fire, anxious
lest in all its glory it should fall and burn the earth,
has disappeared from sight ;
Leaving behind a greyness, that, stretching out
across the sky, is lost in gloom of yet another
quickly-falling eventide.

The air is still, the flowers take one last look
at darkening sky, shiver as the breath of day
gives place to breath of eventide, and close
their eyes ;
Birds in leafy trees sing their last sweet songs,
notes of happiness mingling with notes of sorrow,
as the twilight deepens in the trees,
To them it means another night, when cold winds
blow, and maybe rain to dash their feathers, and
make them hide their heads away from dampness of
the leaves.

All, all is quiet, save here and there a little
chirp as though some songster of the trees seeks
to defy approaching night,
Greyness of gloom soon follows dusk of summer
twilight, wrapping the earth as though to hold her
in its misty grasp throughout Eternity ;
Trees stand on guard like silent sentinels, protecting
in their arms the birds that, through the day, have
sung such songs of joy.

No stars to-night. No moon to send across the
slumbering earth its ghostly light as though to
say the morn has come,
No moon to make men think that like some speedy
traveller it races through a cloud-cast sky towards
the dawn,
Blackness of night is all that greets the form of man
or beast or bird and a murmuring breeze that tries
to wake the birds by rustling leaves.

Throughout the night God's world of nature sleeps
caressed by cooling winds, washed by pattering rain,
Until like some intruder, fearful of awakening, and
yet joyful in its light, the first faint streaks
of yet another morn appear,
Stealing, oh, so softly, then with courage driving
from its pathway cloudy phantoms,
And growing ever brighter as it spreads across the
sky.

The misty grasp of night is o'er, like happy playful
children shafts of light come tumbling through the
sky and touch the earth,
Caressing, even as the wind, the leafy boughs of trees,

softness of dewy grass, sleeping flowers and birds,
Until with one accord they lift their heads, and look
towards the dawn to see the night has gone, and morn
has come again.

ARTHUR HENRY BIRD.

Life's First Essential

As we tread o'er life's pathway
With its sun and with its shade,
We shall miss its greatest glory
If we have not learned to love.

Earth may give its richest treasures,
Wealth may every want supply,
Yet the heart will still be waiting
For this treasure none can buy.

He who came to bring us riches
For suppressing earthly gain,
Offers all this priceless treasure
That our lives may be a pæan.

Oh, the wondrous life of Jesus
With its glorious law of love,
Would we follow in his footsteps?
Then our aim must be to love.

Oh, life! How sublimely grand,
When love's divine unfailing power
Doth bring a hopeless sin-sick soul
To find the love of God.

LUCY JANSEN.

Sing and be Merry

Happily, joyfully, singing a song,
Enjoying ourselves as we go along ;
But sadness and grief, and worry and sorrow
May sadden our hearts before to-morrow,
For life was not made alone for pleasure,
Happiness and misery come measure for measure.

Sing and be merry as long as you may,
Love, and be happy the livelong day,
Give smiles to the sick and cheer to the sad,
Make other hearts joyful, and lonely hearts glad.

For a message to some makes a greeting of love
And God will reward you from Heaven above.

GERTRUDE C. ROBERTS.

A Dream

I shut my eyes and dream of happy days
When you and I, dear, meet and never part.
We wander hand in hand from place to place.
No sorrow, no regret, no ache of heart.

I feel your lips meet mine in one long kiss,
I feel your heart beat close to mine, and all
My sorrow vanishes like mist away.
I would not, if I could, the past recall.

We love, and with our love comes endless bliss.
We've passed the days when loving so meant pain.
We suffered much, dear heart, for years; but this
Is worth the tears—our hopes were not in vain.

And then, dear one, I waken with a start
To loneliness, and have to pay the price
With aching heart—for just that one sweet hour
I dreamt I spent with you—in Paradise.

B. TYERMAN.

Daybreak

The wood lies still and dark
Beneath the moon,
Its tall pines quiver at the dawn's approach,
Day cometh soon!

No sound disturbs its peace,
Only the breeze
With soft caress, lingeringly whispers
Through the trees.

The moon sinks low. 'Tis gone!
The night is past.
A faint red light glows in the East.
Day comes at last!

FLORENCE FOSTER.

We Are His

O Canada, great country wide and free
Whose people are so splendid physically !
With radiant health God's sun doth bless us all :
Our sons and daughters ; birds ; our trees so tall ;
Our golden fields with grain abundant spread,
Are blessings from His bounteousness beyond.
Without His love, His watching overhead,
Our lovely land would be a barren pond.
For so it is, dear people, we must lean
Towards the Goodly Father, never seen—
Not seen, but known by all His gracious deeds :
His sun ; His singing brooks ; the laughing breeze.
When summer heat our bodies wilts and flays,
In cooling lakes, 'mid sheltering trees we dwell,
'Neath mountain peaks, whose iridescent rays
Cast themselves o'er the shimmering water's spell.
O Canada, my heart goes out to thee !
Forget Him not, nor things which hidden be.
So often, in its strength, youth seems the best,
Not thinking of those pioneers at rest
Who gave their all for Canada so fair,
Whose grandeur is acknowledged everywhere.
O men and women, rally to their call :
Let not destruction ruin peace and all.
Good counsellors, look up unto His might ;
Obey Him—He, the Way, the Truth, the Light.

PEGGY TALBOT.

Motherhood

The softest and dearest of bundles
That ever a woman can hold,
Is a sweet little laughing baby,
More precious than piles of fine gold.

Eyes full of laughter and loveliness,
Skin smooth and soft to the touch,
Round little arms stretched towards us,
Can you wonder we love them so much?

Oh, baby, you dear little monarch,
Don't grow up, you're so sweet to see,
And mothers all wish they could keep you
To cuddle and rock on their knee.

CONSTANCE FULLER.

The Battle

Gallant was that little vessel
Riding o'er the raging sea,
Bravely did the small boat wrestle
With that dreadful monster—sea.

Loudly clapped the thunder o'er her,
Like an angry giant there—
Swiftly flashed the yellow lightning
Like some sparkling jewel rare.

Was she doomed to sink down into
Those dark waters deep and strong?
Was the crew to go down with her,
Bravely singing their last song?

Now the skies were slowly clearing,
But still poured the lashing rain.
From the heavens dark and stormy—
Would the storm the victory gain?

But its fury now was dying,
And the waves, too, slowly fell,
And that small ship, torn and ragged,
Won the fight she fought so well.

KATHLEEN FULLER.

From Bethlehem

I am the cry that in the still of night
Rang out 'midst cattle in the long ago,
The cry of helpless infancy that still
Brings tears and smiles, and hope, and fear, and joy.
I am the haze that o'er the distant hills
At daybreak casts ethereal loveliness,
The gleam of water sparkling in the sun,
The peaceful quiet of the noonday heat,
When on the world a whispering silence lies.
I am the call that summons to the byre
The wandering cattle at the fall of night,
The twilight hush of sunset's afterglow,

The rising star atop the dreaming hills.
Mine is the voice that through men's music speaks,
Whispering to the senses, ever whispering
Truths eternal ; beauty everlasting ;
Mine the pathos ; mine, too, the ecstasy,
The beauty that a Schubert can waylay,
And harmonize in mystic melody.
To all that are in tune do I reveal
The secret of existence, perfect peace,
The peace that mountain, lake and hedgerow bring,
The peace that masters through their music sing.
The peace of God, the Everlasting King.

D. L. GREGORY.

The Miser

The miser sits in his lonely den,
Counting his hoard of gold,
Heedless alike to God or men,
For his life to Mammon is sold ;
He feasts upon the shining ore,
Trembling in fear, lest a step be nigh,
Eagerly adding again to his store,
Bringing the light to his fading eye.

And what of the lad true-hearted and bold,
He drove long ago from his door,
The son he once loved ere he hungered for gold ?
On earth he may never see more,
She whom he loved so dear on earth,
Ere for gold he began to crave,
Gave her life for the little one's birth,
Now silently lies in the grave.

Long years have flown, now withered and old,
No friend this side of the grave,
His coffers are full of his cherished gold,
Still one thing his soul must crave—
Rich and alone—without love or joy,
His gold all hoarded in vain,
He remembers how he struck the boy,
How can he wipe out the stain?

He'd forfeit all for the touch of his hand,
The gold for which he has striven,
To God, before whom ere long he must stand,
He pleads for mercy—the unforgiven.
Ah, never seek the miser's fame,
For sad and hard his plight,
To guard his treasure and earn his name,
He's a watchman day and night.

L. GUY.

Larchwood Falls

In scenic beauty, encradled deep,
While silent rocks their sentry keep,
Virgin banks and glimmering sand,
Terraced castles at command ;
Roaring, seething, bubbling o'er,
Dashing spray—on evermore,
As though beneath a restless breast,
For ever panting, its foamy bliss,
A moment's stay, in homage pressed,
Ere onwards flows to waft a kiss,
And sound the name Vermillion.

SARAH GRACE.

The Parthenon of Athens

The years unfold as we stand in thy shade
And gaze upon thy solemn line ;
Past ages rise again, when craftsmen laid
Each stone on stone,
Then sculptors placed their art upon the shrine ;
When hammering tools did cease—there stood alone
A monument to Beauty !

Victorious empires rise to fall again,
Proud conquerors hurl their armies wide,
O'er all the war-tossed earth turn joy to pain
And dust to dust.
Still do thy stately columns silent bide,
A warning 'gainst ambition's grasping lust,
A monument to Beauty !

The humdrum crowd of human men pass by,
The feud and strife which clash within their hearts
With cities' din and noise must some time die,
Yet as this mortal stream departs
Upon the eternal rock thou standest fast,
In every age the calm of beauty past.

Before thy slender columned majesty
We gaze with awe-struck look ; e'en now
When clanking Progress roars on land and sea,
From pole to pole,
Still do the speed-filled people come to bow
To thee, thou fortress 'gainst Time's onward roll,
Thou monument to Beauty !

PRESCOT FROBISHER STEPHENS.

Then and Now

I looked out through the trees
And saw the world :
A winding road, a city's glare,
Sunshine and shadows in Mayfair—
Lurking tears behind a smile.

I look out through the trees
And see the world :
A sward of green, a silver stream,
A sky of blue : to me they seem
Fairer far than woman's smile.

DONAL SHEEHAN.

Before the Dawn

I dreamt of ships, of sails, of seas,
Of southern isles and sunny ease :
I woke at dawn, and misty rain
Was weeping on the window-pane.

The countryside was dull and grey ;
I heard a donkey's dismal bray ;
I tried to sleep, once more recall
That mirage sweet, beyond the pall.

My restless spirit would not rest—
My soul on fire like sun in west ;
But, unlike him, I could not sink.
Conscious, I lingered on the brink.

And then methought, if it's God's will
That rain should fall upon this hill,
He too will send the rising sun
When clouds are past, and rain is done.

I slept ; and dreamless was my sleep—
A soothing spirit seemed to keep
A watch, and breathe a litany
Of peace and life's reality.

DONAL SHEEHAN.

An Old Stone Wall

A country road, outlined with green,
Each vista like the last,
 Yet differing all ;
Then quietly comes into view,
As from a distant past,
 An old stone wall.

I travel on—the highway lures ;
The prairie's lengths unroll
 That we may read
In characters unchanged by time
The fertile acres' scroll
 Of soil and seed.

I travel on—but that stone wall
Is holding captive all my mind
 And inner sight ;
My eyes the ribbon roadway trace,
But brain and heart I find
 Deserting quite.

Retracing years, I walk again
The grange's edge with him
Who planned it all ;
And sense the hopes and sturdy faith
He built within the rim
Of that stone wall.

A few rocks now—next year some more—
And as he fitted each in place
He knew it hid
Vast strength 'gainst storm and melting years :
But knew he that a faith 'twould brace ?
Perhaps he did.

BESSIE STICKELL.

Sunset

O everlasting hills so filled with strength and peace,
Within your quiet borders all life's discords cease ;
Call me towards those fragrant heights that I may stand
Veiled in the falling glory of the sunset land.

Belovèd hills, keep me until the crimson west
Beneath her pall of loveliness hath lulled to rest
The weary fold. Then sheep-bells hushed, the sea
shall raise

Around your feet one sweet long canticle of praise.

O silent hills, still hold me, for I seem to stand
Almost upon the borders of the Promised Land.
Piercing the golden glory, all your pathways rise
Flow'r-strewn and fragrant to the Gate of Paradise.

FLORENCE AMENA WILLOUGHBY.

Northamptonshire

County of spires and Squires and mires !
The famed North Road along,
The Lord of Burghley's stately fane
Lives in romance and song.

When conquering Edward's well-loved queen
Died, on his northern raid,
Fair sculptured Crosses marked the spots
Where the procession stayed.

Goddington and Northampton still
Their crosses shield with love,
Where Eleanor's fair form is seen
In niches high above.
Our loved Cathedral of the Fens
Her western front displays,
"Three gables great and fair,
Which slender shafts of pillars do upbear",
As William Morris says.

From Castor to the Ermine Street
What memories abide !
And Fotheringhay's pierced lantern guards
The hill where Mary died.

And still by Welland's vale there stands
Rockingham's castle high,
Through many centuries preserved,
Once King John's property.

On Naseby Field the hounds are heard—
They meet by Fineshade Wood.
At Towcester, Brackley, Daventry,
The old place-names have stood.

Through Higham-Ferrers, Rushden old,
The Woodland-Pytchley go.
Through Market Harborough echoes back :
“ Hi forrard ! ” “ Tally-ho ! ”
ALICE L. RAWNSLEY.

Awakening

A Sonnet

Great loneliness and weariness of heart
Are but increased by loveliness unshared,
Though beauty her full message shall impart
Only to those deep sorrow has not spared.

Though Sorrow with his presence dulls the senses,
His heavy hands pressed down upon the eyes,
As he withdraws, he more than recompenses,
By causing fresh perception to arise.

Before the echo of his steps has vanished,
The heart in bitterness from beauty turns,
But, finding that its deepest need is banished,
Part comforted, in humbleness returns.

Beauty and Sorrow wound—a two-edged sword.
Beauty and Love bind up—a silver cord.

SARAH DOW.

Life's Investment

Help me each day so to invest
The talents Thou hast given
That all the profit shall be Thine,
O Lord of earth and heaven.

Help me to check the angry word ;
The selfish thought to quell ;
All envy, malice, jealousy
And hatred to dispel.

Help me to love, and serve, and give ;
In wisdom grow, and grace ;
And raise Thee up, O Christ, my Lord,
That I may see Thy face.

Help me to consecrate my life—
Thy choicest gift to me—
That every thought, and word, and deed,
May shine, O Lord, for Thee.

BETTY BOURN.

Hollyhock Alley

Hollyhocks, nodding in the sun ;
Hollyhocks, waving one by one :
White ones, cream ones, yellow and red,
Pink ones, bowing a dainty head.

Hollyhocks, waving to and fro ;
Standing stately in a row :
Sentinels watching seem to be,
Guarding the old house silently.

Hollyhocks, nodding in the sun ;
Hollyhocks, whispering one by one :
" Who comes hither from the valley ?
One who calls this Hollyhock Alley ! "

Hollyhocks, guarding while the night
Weaves a magic mellow light,
Welcome her who, from the valley,
Comes to live at " Hollyhock Alley ".
BETTY BOURN.

Life's Weaving

Into our lives, day by day,
We are weaving colours, bright and gay,
But threads of sadness, drab and grey,
Creep into our pattern along life's way.

Acts of kindness, deeds of love,
Are woven upon our living loom,
Deeds that are pleasing to One above,
That scatter sunshine and banish gloom.

Memories golden and memories sad
Into our pattern of life have gone ;

Beautiful deeds, and deeds that are bad,
We find in the weaving of everyone.

Deeds that may cause us heartache and pain,
Casting their shadows as we weave
Deeds we fain would erase again
Are also woven ; o'er these we grieve.

Weaving always with tender care,
Into our lives let us weave the best,
Working with faith and constant prayer,
Leaving unto our God the rest.

Lord ! let us weave, ere life is done,
Good deeds to lead us up to heaven.
We pray that, when our work is done,
All our mistakes may be forgiven.

EMILY WESTON.

The Pinnacle Rocks

Erectly facing the force of the gales,
Out in the sea they stand ;
Undaunted, uplifted, the great rocks stay,
Immobile and strong and grand.

And whether the billows will gently lap
Round the base of their lofty height,
Or whether, in fury, will scourge and rage
Till they're lashed to a foamy white,

The place will be filled with myriad sounds
And the music of open air ;
The elements' voice and the seabirds' call—
Strident or plaintive—are there.

Huddled together in height upon height,
Their nests but a wisp of straw,
Guillemots, terns and the brown or grey gulls
Follow an age-old law.

For half-way up, to the whitened crests,
Each cranny and cleft and ledge
Is the perilous home of seabirds wild
Perched high on the rocky edge.

And the puffins float on the sea below,
And nest on an islet near
In burrows made in the springy turf—
Safe refuge in times of fear !

While the seals display their glistening length
On the rocks, or their sleek dark heads
Rise up from the waves and survey the sun
Ere they plunge to their watery beds.

And I pray the Power that creates these things
That to those who can go and see,
The welcome that Nature extends to them
May mean all that it means to me.

C. S. W.

Note : The Pinnacle Rocks form part of the Seabird Sanctuary at the Farnes.

Nocturn

Sink your head 'twixt the breasts of Sleep,
Sleep, most divine.

From his twilight glades and his dim dales deep,
Crowned with vine,
Song throws his wanton call,
Visions rise, echoes fall,
Breezes creep, a perfumed shawl :
Farewell. Song is mine !

Farewell? No. If from you I flee,
Know, most sweet,
I will wade through the stars in their silver glee,
I will come with the breath of the murmuring sea,
With the meteor's flash, with the darkling tree.
And when morning dawns, like a burthened bee,
t your feet
The spoils I will lay.

Of my midnight stray :
Gems fresh-hewn
From the misty moon ;
Sapphires bright
From the heart of night ;
Trinkets unbeholden from the glorious cloudlets
golden ;
And a hood of a thousand gleams,
A thousand dreams.

Dream, Beloved, on the breasts of Sleep,
Deep,
Deep.

GEORGE WYNNE.

May

What is as grand as a day in May,
When the world is decked with flowers so gay,
Loading the breeze with sweet perfume
Gleaned from the treasury of bloom?

What is as grand as a day in May?
The skies are cloudless in their array;
Shimmering seas of green and blue
Sparkle in waves of blended hue.

What is as grand as a day in May,
When the leafy branches swing and sway,
Clothed in a wealth of tender green,
Casting their shadows o'er the ravine?

What is as grand as a day in May,
When the merry birds' melodious lay
Fills the wood with its silver song,
Now and anon and the whole day long?

What is as grand as a day in May,
When nature is free to follow her way,
And the wind and sun and the raindrops play
Hide-and-seek with the coming hay?

What is as grand as a day in May,
When the children delight, barefoot and gay,
To romp across the hill and the dale
And wade the streams in the nearby vale?

What is as grand as a day in May,
When our great Maker shows the way,
The art, with which this world He planned?
We marvel at His skilful hand.

What is as grand as a day in May,
When earth and sky alike do pay,
With all their beauty can afford,
Their tribute to creation's Lord?

SAMUEL EUGENE GRINNELL.

The Unknown Singer

Beyond the beaten way I farther wandered,
And, sitting by my fire at dusk of day,
From a small cabin, lonely on the hillside,
I heard a woman sing a simple lay.

Unfamed the song and all unknown the singer,
Quavering the voice, and high and thin and weak,
Yet all the sorrowing of the rolling ages
Was told more plainly than mere words could speak.

The hungering memories of youth and love-time,
The numbness creeping on when these have fled,
The courage of the mind that calls, unyielding,
Across the bygone years for fancies dead.

The stalwart sons, wide-scattered, half forgetting
The hand that laboured and the soul that grieved,
The unmarked grave in some far war-torn valley,
Its suffering carven on the heart bereaved.

The twilight of life's night descending,
The care that conquers in the idle hour,
The bitterness of Fate's insentient jesting
O'ermastering puny pride and human power.

The long, long years of penury and toiling,
The endless hoping against endless fears,
The failing strength crushed under grief's dark burden,
The pitiful futility of tears.

So sang this woman from her lonely cabin
Afar beyond the travel-beaten way,
And so I heard her singing as I pondered
Beside my camp-fire at the close of day.

EUGÈNE CONDÈ.

Peace

Peace goes so softly with her padded feet ;
Nor waits to watch those who might follow her,
Or count the moments in thinking of to-morrow.
Peace would go thus fleet.

Fleet with the wings of Argos on her breast,
Along the ways of earth, to her great lands
Whose soil her feet shall rest upon and bless,
Bringing tranquillity—at her request.

Bringing this end of struggling over earth,
And she will say : " Life ? Lo, I give it you ?
Behold, this is the birth of the universe,
For God made all things new."

HAZEL M. G. GILLIAT.

Spring Day

See a butterfly at play in spring,
See a bird a-flying on the wing,
Watch a fish all golden in the light,
Or see the fireflies glowing in the night.

See the crocuses upon the grass,
Daffodils a-nodding as you pass,
Hawthorn and lilac, and the cowslip's bell
Gaily ringing gloomy winter's knell.

HAZEL M. G. GILLIAT.

Dream Ships at Sea

Grandly the sun sinks low this balmy evening,
The sea seems sleeping, lines of rippling light
Across the waters gleam, pearl-pathways leading luring
To lands of rich high promise, far away beyond earth's
night.

We glimpse to eastward three fair forms appearing,
Rising and falling on the brooding tide,
Eager, expectant, clearer now, and nearing,
Onward they move—how gracefully they ride—

The surfless waters, stately and mysterious,
Wings wide outspreading to the dreaming airs ;
So near, so far, so mystic, so imperious,
Wrapped in soft silence, as a nun at prayers.

Charmed names they bear upon each streaming pennant,
"Hope", "Charity", and "Faith"—those graceful
three.

Strains of sweet music, crooning as a love chant,
Steal to us o'er the white ways of the sea.

Dream-ships ahoy! En avant! We salute you!

Dream-sails envisioned, blue and gold and white,
Pass! In the sunset gloaming, warmly dewes are falling.
Pass, splendid, outward-bound, beyond earth's night!

ALYS R. GILES.

Carol

God was an infant born
Turning earth's night to morn
When Jesus cradled in a manger lay,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Chaired with the Heavenly Host,
Bade Mary, Mother-Maid, and Joseph pray
That men to God might now be won
Through love of Jesus, God and Mary's Son.

Jesu, be born again,
Vanquishing sin and pain
In every heart! We'd merry be to-day!
Baby of Bethlehem,
Joy was thy diadem
When shepherds came to worship Thee. Then stay
With us, Emmanuel, until
The tidings of great joy Thy peace on earth fulfil

CLUNES GABELL.

Evening

The shades around me close.
No longer red,
A flush as of a dying rose
Pales overhead.

Soft breath from darkling west,
A beat of wings !
Boy Zephyr touches in my breast
Mysterious strings.

Dear golden hours of youth
And dreams sublime !
Ah ! Veiled but lovely face of Truth !—
Stay, sleepless Time !

.

Stillness and shadow. God,
I seek Thy hand
Till, the dark path to Morning trod,
I understand.

CLUNES GABELL.

Children Dear

List, my darling children,
Before you speak a word ;
Love made you both so happy,
And Love must first be heard.

You have a cosy love-nest,
The sweetest baby dear. . . .
Be sure to wind more love around
That little nest each year.

Stay loyal to each other,
And aim to keep life square,
And as each year goes quickly by
You'll gain a bounteous share.

I love you in the morning
When the sun shines bright and clear ;
When the little birds are singing sweet,
They greet my children dear.

I love you in the evening ;
I love you in the rain ;
I love you when it's stormy,
Or your hearts are filled with pain.

So, children dear, please heed me :
I live for you each day.
Do all these things I ask of you,
And peace with you will stay.

FLORENCE McMULLEN FJARI¹⁷

I Had My Answer

I had my answer in your smile last night,
In the look I saw in your eyes—the look of yore—
In the greeting you gave to me, and in the way
You called me back . . . for that meant so much more.

Because I wanted so to run away,
Because I wanted so to see you, too,
“Good evening, Marie!” you would say again.
Furiously I blushed and could not look at you.

You understood. You cared a little still.
My heart was beating violently and fast.
I knew that we had found God's greatest gift :
I knew we should be friends until the last.

MARIE ANTOINETTE ANDRÉE JASINSKA.

Estranged

What was it I read in your eyes yesterday,
In your set face, so unlike the one I know?
Was it hate or anger? Do you hate me now?
What was it I read in your eyes yesterday?

What was it I read in your eyes? Ah, tell me!
Eyes that looked so kindly at me—your eyes
Whose expression torments me till my heart cries!
Tell me the message in your eyes! Tell me!

Even though this means that all is over,
That we are even worse than strangers, then
The love I gave I will not take back again,
Even though this means that all is over.

Even though our friendship must be broken,
When your eyes and lips shall no more welcome me,
I shall retain the comfort of memory,
Even though our friendship must be broken.

If we are to be estranged, remember, dear,
That in spite of the agony a bright light burns
As in olden days the incense in the urns,
Till the day when we shake hands again, my dear !

MARIE ANTOINETTE ANDRÉE JASINSKA.

A Storm

There was a mighty breeze,
Drifting amongst the trees,
But have you ever seen
Such a storm in which I've been ?

Purple clouds came rolling by
From the Heavens right on high,
There was a mighty flash
And then a tremendous crash.

Then came the rain
In true torrential strain ;
For overhead had burst the storm
And even the water was warm.

The huge trees in full array
Began one by one to sway,
And as their trunks began to creak
One was frightened, e'en to speak.

Down came the rain with stupendous force
And it filled my heart with sore remorse,
At having left my bungalow
Far down there below.

Faster and faster did it pour, you know,
As though some blizzard swept the snow.
Then my eyes began to pain
Because of the awful strain.

And then as suddenly as it came
The wind ceased, and even the rain
Softly trickled down my back
As it would from a soaken sack.

Far up behind the clouds peeps the sun
And smiles and laughs at me in joyous fun,
To think that it could have played
Such a trick with me to-day.

Slowly, like a rat drenched at sea,
I make my way from under the trees
Towards my cosy bungalow
Far down there below.

K. G. PEARSON.

King George's Jubilee

God bless our King this morning
For a right good King is he,
We'll set the joy bells ringing,
On his Silver Jubilee.

He's reigned for years with honour,
'Tis honour makes us free,
Now raise aloft our country's flag
On his Silver Jubilee.

God bless our King this morning,
For a right good King is he,
Peace walks with honour hand-in-hand
On his Silver Jubilee.

And by him stands his Lady,
A royal Lady she,
'God bless them both' the people pray
On his Silver Jubilee.

And as the years go gliding,
May every nation see
To reign with honour, peace, and love
Wins people's loyalty.

Now set the joy bells ringing
Ye people fair and free
So let us duly honour
King George's Jubilee.

ANNIE TRANTVETTER.

A Rose in a Garden

I wait for you each evening
Alone in my garden so fair ;
The roses are rich and gleaming
And ready to twine thro' your hair,
Will you come to that garden with me, dear,
I'll tell you the love in my heart,
Like the heart of a lovely rose, dear
It waits for you to take part.

I'll wait for you each evening
Alone in my garden there,
I'll wait till I see you appearing
With a rose twined thro' your hair,
Then I know that you are mine, dear,
With the love light in your eyes,
Your heart is the biggest of all, dear
In my garden beneath the skies.

H. GILBERT.

Valour

The son of man, fighting with guns,
Fighting with guns with son of man ;
" Valour ! " say we (the devil's sons),
" Fighting till death with brother man."

The Son of God, fighting for God,
Fighting, in peace, against evil,
The son of man, longing for God,
Fighting till death with the devil.

LAURENCE E. GRIFFITHS.

The Span of Life

Motherly Spring,
Rousing the fruits of earth from the soil,
Preparing buds for a life of toil,
Bringing fresh shoots from earth's inmost coil
Life-giving Spring.

Youthful Summer,
Forcing forth blooms from their cosy nests,
Urging them forth to face the grave tests
Of life, so vig'rous, free from all rests ;
Joyful Summer.

Mellow Autumn,
Snatching the ripe fruit from the stout trees,
Scattering withered blooms o'er the leas,
Depriving youth of a life of ease ;
Heartless Autumn.

Wrinkled Winter,
Whose grasp the same stout trees turns bare
To crabbed old age turning the fair,
Crushing to death in its foul snare ;
Murd'rous Winter.

LAURENCE E. GRIFFITHS.

Maranatha !

(A poem on the BEMA, the Day of Divine Testing and Reward)

(1 Cor. iii. 11-15)

Rejoice ! for soon our blesséd Lord and Saviour comes
to claim

His Church of blood-bought children who revere and
love His name.

What bliss is ours in that glad day ! What joy surpassing
ken

Will overwhelm us who behold His gracious welcome
then !

Yea, soon He comes with heav'nly host, who wait the
"trump of God", (1)

To catch away all His Elect, redeem'd by His own
blood ;

Who gather at the BEMA Throne, the Judgment-Seat
on high,

Where "fire" reveals what we had "built", our
Christian work to try. (2)

Oh, may our service now for Christ withstand this test
of "fire"

As gold or silver is refin'd, or gems come through en-
tire ;

For then the Master would be heard by His assembl'd
Bride

To say, "Well done," as He rewards each one whose
works "abide". (2)

But, sad to say, this Judgment will induce remorse
and loss

From those who, though once "born again", had taken
not their cross, (3)

Whose works the "fire" will then consume like stubble,
wood or hay;

Alas! for though 'mid heav'nly sphere, these "suffer
loss" that Day. (2A)

.

Dear Reader, turning from this scene, may we pass on
in thought

To think at what *tremendous* cost our ransom has been
bought.

In view of all the shame and scorn our Saviour had to
bear,

Should *we* not "tread the hill" with Him, and per-
secution share?

For those who "sow in tears", we read, "shall doubt-
less come again (4)

Rejoicing" as their sheaves they bring, whose faith
held 'tis not vain

To plod and labour for their Lord 'mid hardship, stress
and woe;

That Day will shew 'twas *well* worth while to have so
toil'd below.

So, Christians, let us then resolve to serve the Master
now

E'en better than when first we put "hand forth unto
the plough", (5)

And henceforth be more zealous for we know the time
is short
Ere we the "trump of God" shall hear—Our summons
to His Court!

A. McC. WALLIS.

(1) 1 Thess. iv. 16.

(2) 1 Cor. iii. 13, 14.

(2A) 1 Cor. iii. 15.

(3) Luke xiv. 27.

(4) Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6.

(5) Luke ix. 62.

June

Gay little heart of June, your fragrant breath
Blows like a benediction on my face;
Bright with a hundred flowers you are, a-tune
With melodies from all the feathered race.

Swallows a-fly and peonies a-glow
Cast here a charm my aching heart to bless;
For sick with a great despondency am I,
And tired with the constant strain of hopelessness.

The spirit brave of Nature suffered still
Grim winter's blizzards and its coldness too,
Until the sun's returning bounty gave
A glad fulfilment of its hope in you.

Climax of glorious spring, your message calls
Through scented air, and rustling of trees,
And blue of cloudless heavens, carrying
Comfort and peace to me, comfort and peace.

GRACE M. JARCOMBE.

In the Twilight Hour of Leisure

(*Tune*—'Happy we are a' thegither')

In the twilight hour of leisure,
 Take the staunch old "Memory",
 On the evening cruise of pleasure,
 In congenial company;
 With old shipmates, well acquainted,
 Wearing Age's honours, grey,
 And the cost—a sigh, contented,
 Kindles warm felicity.

O'er forgotten scenes, returning
 (Here and there, a fond delay),
 Back to spring-time's fickle morning,
 Sails the trusty "Memory";
 Hear the woodland warblers' chorus!
 Hear the corncraik and cuckoo!
 Fragrant zephyrs playing o'er us,
 Verdant shades, the way leads through.

To the lawn and spreading holly,
 To blest youth and naïveté,
 Frolicking midst blooms, a volley,
 Round old happy Silverae;
 And its ivied cot, confiding
 (O'er the 'dendrons' blushing spray)
 Memoirs of its old folk, biding—
 With the lave, at Haylee Brae.

.

Hark ! old " Memory's " whistle hailing
Weary pensive minds away,
Through the fading twilight, sailing,
Whither gleams a silver ray,
Illumining rejoicing nature,
Youth's sojourn in gaiety,
Health's sweet blush on every feature—
Sweet solace to end the day.

THE GADSMAN.

Dogma—I

Bestir, my body, be as free as at nativity,
There is my soul !
Loose my wings, my heart, my mind,
Let me the full life seek and find.

Break loose these bonds that fetter me,
I shall take flight !
Since when has earth not furnished needs
For her breadthless and boundless breeds ?

Too long am I 'prisoned in chains,
Take look at life !
Ever-change is the riddle of the plan,
Strangled in miasmatic mind of man.

Take flight and flee on wings of time,
Second by second !
For each is different from the last,
Conformity's stagnation in the past

Let life flow on in changeful stream
And ringing ripple !
Obstacles must not be th' same to us,
For each one differs ; grains—minus, plus.

So must our approach be altered
Even by a hair !
This the eternal law of unfolding universe,
News from the newest prophet, and poet's verse.

Life, tall trees, the hollows and the hills
Disintegrate eternally !
Changing the course of streams, levelling the mound,
TRUTH is not fixed fast, nor sky, nor wind, nor sound !

Ice and the mighty mammals melted to feed a million
lives,
The mountain crashed !
And out of them came new and teeming life
The course eternal of cosmic sequential strife !

BUCHANAN GRAHAM.

The Artist

And I who know you dream of you
And paint you so
As I have dreamt you—such all dreamers do—
And lo

Redder your lips than fire,
Bluer than skies
Your vaguely troubled eyes—and my desire
Turns lies—

For all the portrait shown
Is false, untrue,
Only a dream, a dream alone,
Not you.

I serve the old behest,
Or so it seems—
I cannot show the truth, unless, unless
I leave my dreams.

PETER KEYSER.

The Stranger

I walked with him, a stranger,
Throughout his neighbourhood ;
I knew not his belief or creed,
But knew that he was good.

How did I know? 'Twas simple—
His presence brought a glow,
And all the children that he passed
Called happily, " Hello ! "

PETER KEYSER.

To E. G. A.—‘ Farewell ’

We have come to the end of the track
And must part,
For our journey together is ended.
For the last time I pause and look back
Sick at heart,
While my hand in farewell is extended.

Strange companions at times we have seemed,
Caring not
Where the steps of the other were turning,
And the road has been rough as it gleamed
Glaring hot,
And has shrivelled our feet with its burning.

But at times we have stopped on our way
Late at night
When the wind blowing cool from the hearth
Freed the earth from the heat of the day—
Come what might,
We were glad that we journeyed together.

Now I leave you and go undeterred
Without weeping
And shall travel the road with another—
But I leave the white flame that you stirred
In your keeping,
Which no dust nor grey ashes can smother.
“ GOMBI.”

On Gratitude

Look not for gratitude,
Nor give expecting thanks.
Who gives, desiring gratitude,
Takes from the benefit bestowed
That which doth make its giving worth,
And from recipient removes
The inward rise a gift should bring,
Meeting another's need.

Herein find your reward,
That, by relieving need,
The spirit is uplift, refreshed,
Freed from the cramping chains of want.
Hope's light restored to sanguine glow.
The soul with courage reinforced.
While cheerfulness, like a sweet scent,
The being permeates.

The spirit thus set free
Expands in gratitude.
Which like a clear reflected light
Sublimes the benefactor.
As, when the sun has disappeared,
Its rays, reflected by the moon,
Illuminate the firmament,
Transforming everything.

And, as this light of moon,
This soft effulgent glow,
Is still the light of sun, returned
To us, made beauteous by the moon.

So gratitude, spontaneous born,
Is but the benefit bestowed,
Returned ennobled to the giver,
By passing through another.

G. H. WAUGH.

Eileen

Sweet maiden of the starry eyes,
You ask me, am I better?
I hold pressed close against my heart
The pages of your letter.
Last night Love, I felt nigh to death—
To-day I have new life, new breath.
Oh, Eileen of the starry eyes,
Do you remember?

The day we walked beneath the trees,
Among the wild spring flowers,
And laughed and sang in the soft breeze
And took no count of hours?
Sweet maid, to whom my love I told,
The ground we walked was paved with gold
Oh, Eileen of the starry eyes,
Do you remember?

Of late, I thought you did not care,
And all my soul was weeping;
I felt my life I could not bear,
It was not worth the keeping.
My cowardice, dear heart, forgive;
Your words have made it heaven to live.
Oh, Eileen of the starry eyes,
You do remember!

MARGARET DAY.

Our Shepherd Seeks

Jesus wears a crown
Twined with many a thorn
On His Holy brow,
Radiant as the morn.
Yes, can you see Him
He is not far away :
He is just above you,
Watching night and day.

Kingly Shepherd, ah,
See Thy lambs astray !
Nations toil to fling
Human lives away.
Sadly, wearily,
He turns away His head
Mother Earth's enraptured
By the banners red.

Jesus, in His mercy,
Left His throne on high ;
He gave His life for us,
To suffer and to die.
Through His agony we gain.
Countless mercies do retain.
Ever faithful to maintain.
A home above the sky.

MARY E. BENINGTON.

Wings

Tremulous, soft as thistledown
Bravely venturing—
Seeing not the rich brown earth so newly turned
But heavenly blue and racing clouds :
The little starlings yearned
To fly as swiftly as the parent bird.

Bright, swift, and white as snow,
The seagull speeding through the air
With plaintive cry and searching eye
Heeds not the sun which tints her wing
Like some bright jewelled fairy thing.

But see her swooping down so swift
For through the crested waves sun-kissed
She spies her prey—alack-a-day !
Alas for happiness so short
Of fish that in the ripples sport !

Silver wings high in the sky,
Clear, sun-kissed and debonair
How swift they glide, far out of sight
And soar through billowing height of clouds
With never a care !
What kind of bird would fly so high
And then glide down again,
Not to sheltering whispering trees,
But to field flat and bare ?
Bird of man's brain conceived,
A dazzling aeroplane so fair !

IVY DOWDEN.

Uncivilized Man

Sadly we look around—
Our human powers have failed
To avert this awful wrong,
On helpless human beings.

They trusted in man's plans,
Their trust has been in vain,
Thousands are lying dead—
The Tyrant's plans were made.

Last night the lonely moon looked down
On the dead and dying men,
On the anguish of their women,
To please a Tyrant man.

A cloud moved slowly o'er the rising moon,
And as I watched my thoughts rose up from
gloom,
Around was shed a wondrous holy light,
The stars shone down, so calm, so pure,
so bright.

I thought, this cloud will also pass away,
And God will send his light, to brighten all
our way,
Oh, Heavenly Love, Thy power shall be our
stay,
And uncivilized man and war will then have
had their day.

MARGARET PRIESTLEY.

If Only for Christmas

A little boy was weeping,
While his friends were blithe and gay,
For Christmas time was coming
And the shops in fine array.
There were motor cars, and fairy-bikes,
And trains and ships and mills,
For mummy said their money-box
Would help to foot the bills.

They danced upon the pavement
With shouts of great delight
For to Santa Claus the payment
Had been posted overnight.
They had sent the listed treasure
To come that happy day,
With trumpets, drums and bonbons
To make them all feel gay.

But this wee laddie stood apart.
His daddy looked so sad and thin.
His pennies he would often miss
For boots and clothes, to cover him
But, as he peeped into the store
A happy thought to him was given.
He knew the one to ask for more---
"Our Father which art in heaven."

ALICE WYATT.

My Amethyst Stone

O lilac of spring gardens
And velvet of heartease !
O lavender of dainty hue
Which sways with every breeze !
O purple of the heather
And line of distant sea—
I view them all in the tiny space
Of a gem that's dear to me.

And then I smell the violets
Which by the arbour nest,
Where my love spoke in soft moonlight
And clasped me to his breast.
We've seen them all, together,
The gardens, moors and sea,
And the tender joys of those glad days
Still live in the gem for me.

.

Now he has sailed out yonder
To make a home for me,
And far beneath the Southern Cross
His ship is on the sea.
And I dream and live again
(While waiting here alone)
Those dear glad days, as I sadly gaze
Into my amethyst stone.

J. E. GARNISS.

What is the Use of War?

What is the use of fighting?
Haven't we seen its worth?
Can't they talk things over
And share the earth?
Must they use guns and bayonets bright,
Murdering men from morn till night,
To gain a few poor inches more?
I ask you,
What is the use of war?

When we look around us,
What do we see?
Poor little children
Living in misery;
Men at the street corners,
Some, wishing they were dead
Because they cannot get a crust
Or a place to lay their head.

Twenty years have passed
Since that terrible War.
Surely mankind is weary?
Surely it wants no more?
But one thing puzzles me
And puzzles many a score—
Can anybody tell us
What is the use of war?

SARAH JUKES.,

My Own Countryside

We all think our Home Town the fairest
Be it East or be it West.
But that Old Cumberland hillside
To me is the best.

Some may talk of their mansions
And titles so grand
Or wander for pleasure
In a far foreign land.

With that old countryside
There is none can compare
They crave not for riches
Contentment is there.

Those old-fashioned folk
How they toil and they spin,
Encouraging each other
Their love for to win.

The house may be built of brick or of stone
But labours of love have built up the home,
Man works for his mate, her wants to supply,
His home is a castle with her standing by.

If dark clouds surround them
And trials are sent,
They stand by each other,
And pray for new strength.

Sunshine and shadow, we each get a share,
It's the way of God's teachings
To keep straight on His way,
If we trust and be patient
We will find He knows best
When our duties are ended
He will take us to rest.

MARY P. RICHARDSON.

Hylas

Once on a time long since when Greece held sway,
A youth named Hylas chanced to take his way
Through a green woodland, 'neath fresh leafage cool,
Until he came upon a crystal pool
Set in a clearing of the silent wood,
Where all about the brink tall iris stood.
And as he leaned above the water's edge,
Pale Nymphs peeped at him through the reeds and
sedge.
They were as pale as moonbeams, and as fair
As were the lily buds that floated there.
And seeing Hylas they were half afraid,
And slid beneath the waters and the shade
Of overhanging branches; but their hair,
Like floating water weed, shewed they were there.
And Hylas waited by the water's edge,
And watched the water and the grey-green sedge,
Purple and golden iris straight and tall;
'Twas an enchanted pool that did enthrall

His senses. Now a ripple stirred the weeds,
And there was whispering amongst the reeds.
Hylas was beautiful! The Nymphs wide eyed
Looked up at him and drifted to his side.
One raised her arms to furtively caress
And wind about his wrist her russet tress.
They lured him gently from the water's edge
Into the tangled weeds and water sedge.
They wove for him a garland and a crown,
Then through the waters drew him down and down.

The ceaseless interchange of night and day
Has sapped the centuries, since on his way
Came the youth, Hylas, through the silent wood,
Unto the pool where purple iris stood.

PHYLLIS DULCE WARWICK.

Departure

The restless, green-white waves
with even-slipping swell,
like fairies dancing nuts-in-May
glide gently to the quay-side
and ceaselessly retire
with dainty curtsies.
The herring-gulls float motionless above,
the sunshine makes the rigging
look like a golden ladder
up to heaven.

Small, shimmering, oily circlets
play rainbows on the surface of the water.
This is a place where sad finalities
and surging hopes are mingled.
The salt taste of the breeze
is strong, like heady wine.
The songs of sailors and new-begotten joys
grow faint and languorous as sin
in summer's spent and effete days,
for now the boat is heading out
for coral cities paved with onyx,
or dreamy islands, haunts
of mystic folk, forgotten
by the brazen scythe of Time.
Come life with pain and sadness
infinite !
My soul, Tithonus-like, is weary
of eternal endlessness.
The only treasure that remains to me
is memory of you and autumn time.
Come sadness infinite—yet bitter
only in a little.
The lilac hills are but a line
between the azure and the green.

BRENDAN LEE.

Love, Peace and Joy

Oh, blessed God that we may feel
The joys of heaven o'er us steal
While here below, Love, Peace and Joy
Doth come to us without alloy,
Then let the hills and valleys ring
With praises to our Heavenly King—
Praise Him who in our hearts doth reign,
We never cry to Him in vain.

Our hearts are filled with love to Thee,
Our spirits soar and would be free
To enter thro' the Pearly Gate,
While patiently we e'en must wait
Till Thou in Thine own time shalt come
To gather all Thy children home
Into the glorious realms of light
Free from all sin and sorrow's blight.

Where all is Love and Joy and Peace,
And Heavenly pleasures never cease,
Then sing again this sweet refrain
Praise Him who in our hearts doth reign.
Who sends the Pentecostal showers
And strews our earthly path with flowers,
These blessings sends to great and small,
Then "Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!"

Emotions of a Young Pilgrim on Setting Out

From kith and kin, and far afield I roam,
To face a world, to leave behind a home.
Alas no more to feel the gentle touch,
The loving, guiding hands that mean so much.
No more to hear those words of sweet advice,
The gentle reprimand, the very spice
Of all the gifts of God.

Out in my fragile craft, to face alone
The surging, angry waves of life, with none
To guide. Lonely, uncertain now I stand,
Fearfully groping for that gentle hand,
And swiftly now as light my wish divined
The answer flashes on my inward mind,
Follow where He has trod.

LUCIUS CARY.

Hope

It comes like balm to weary-hearted,
And brings a blessed relief from pain,
In the arms of night it has oft departed
To return on the wings of morning again.

From darkness and weeping fond Hope will sever,
It flies from Despair on its light, bright wings.

And he who would have it his friend for ever
Should turn his attention to happier things.

Never weep for a time that's gone,
Now waste the house in vain repining,
Every cloud let him seize upon
In a valiant search for a silver lining.

And far in that distance and faint and sweet,
The voice of his friend he may hear a-calling.
'Twill be Hope's brave eyes that will guide his feet,
Hope's hand that will help him to keep from falling.

ELIZABETH CLARK.

First Love

Why, when the path seems so full of life and laughter,
Do we turn the corner and find a dark grey road,
Strewn with broken promises, and hopes yearned vainly
after
Replacing bright and happy thoughts, with ugly thoughts
that goad?

Suddenly those happy days go soaring up above,
Leaving far behind them a puzzled, breaking heart,
Wond'ring at the beauty and the thrill of new-born
love,
And wond'ring why, like passing birds, this fleeting

Why did the lovely things I cherished as my dreams
Suddenly depart from me, and leave me without hope.
Totally abandoned ! To my poor heart it seems
Like scaling cliffs and slippery rocks with neither stay
nor rope.

But there will come a day, I pray, when to my lot will
fall,
Something that is real and sincere and meant to be,
For then 'twill be my turn and joy to flourish over all
The thing that came and made my life a very ecstasy.
ELIZABETH CLARK.

The Old House

Standing tall and dreary,
Like some empty shell,
Missing dear loved faces
It used to know so well.
Hollow, dark and lonely
As the weary years slip by,
With only ghosts for company
When the moon is riding high.
If Memory could but touch it,
With a kindly thought, foretell,
What hosts of gay young people
Might come beneath her spell !
The house would ring again
With the sound of a family beloved,
With children's happy laughter
Casting Love where'er they moved.
The lights would shine anew
In the old oak hall so fine,
To bid the dancers welcome
As they passed along the line.
Alas ! all this grandeur is ended.
Lonely it stands in its place.
The garden's full of tall shadows ;
Of flowers and life, not a trace.
So, as the years pass unending,
Alone it may seem to be,
With bats and nightbirds calling
To keep it company.

LUCY ALSTON.

Autumn Tints

The summer has gone.
It has passed so quickly,
We miss the beauty of the flowers ;
But the autumn brings us consolation
In the beauty of the leaves.

They are turning red and golden,
Bracken tinted every hue.
Mossy banks with purple heather,
Hips and haws so gaily nod.

The fields of grain are golden,
All ready to be gathered.
Scarlet poppies here and there
Present a lovely picture.

There is wondrous beauty in the autumn,
Though 'tis tinged with sadness, too,
For the leaves will soon be falling,
Ushering the winter in.

A. M. FEBEN.

Hope

Why seek ye the living amongst the dead
In the graveyard's clay and loam ?
The encased spirit to God has fled,
And has power in space to roam.

We think of body and call it man,
And forget the unseen soul,
But it is our Maker's perfect plan
That spirit must man control.

For when the wondrous human frame
Is known by the cold tomb's scroll,
It appears only a Christian name,
But with God 'tis a living soul.

F. COWEE.

Sanctus

The laughing light in a baby's eye
(Surely reflected from the sky !)
The "chaffies' " eggs in a mossy nest,
The Northern Lights and the sunset west.

The tender green of herb and tree,
The little lamb so full of glee,
The scent of violets blue or white,
The glory of a starry night.

The love of mother for her child,
The love of boy for maiden wild,
The joy of work as well as play,
The well-earned rest at close of day.

F. COWEE.

After the Induction

The pastor walked home in the moonlight
And thought of the service just past,
Which opened a new sphere of labour,
And severed the ties of the last.

He knew his task would not be easy,
Experience had taught him that,
Success follows after a struggle
Which adds to its value somewhat.

Enjoying themselves in the moonlight
Some children were playing a game,
So he paused for a while and watched them,
And gained much by doing the same.

They were playing "follow the leader",
Every eye was fixed upon him
As they followed where'er he led them,
No matter how foolish his whim.

The pastor walked on with new courage,
And thought: "I must do just the same,
Keep close to my heavenly leader
Who never will put me to shame.

If my people will rally round me
I promise to give them my best;
What more can I do, now or ever?
To God must be left all the rest."

M. M. LANGFORD.

The Baby

A dainty form too small for its clothes,
With weeny hands and ten tiny toes ;
A soft round face, with little nose
And a cheek that's tinted like the rose.
May he never his parents' will oppose,
Or cheat them at night of their sweet repose.

M. M. LANGFORD.

Thoughts

A flower of spring
A tale doth unfold
Of beauty and worth,
Unheeded,
Lying in darkness of earth.

The song of a bird,
A bird on the wing,
Most wondrous thing,
Unseen, unheard,
When greed has its fling.

I'll have my day,
I'll have my way !
A piteous thing, that bruises God's treasures,
Unseen,
When self strives within.

LOUISA GOLDEN.

Blessings Presented

Sunny days ! Sunny days !
I'm living with thoughts of you.
Though skies are drear, 'twill see me through
To other days with you.

Golden days ! Golden days,
While youthful joys are growing !
'Tis love divine—O Baby mine,
Thy prattle keeps a-glowing !

Silver days ! Silver days !
Thy tender lovelight o'er us
Will lead us safe to endless day
To welcome those behind us.

LOUISA GOLDEN.

Dear Memory

How great the joys of Memory !
On her swift wings I go
And visit all my childhood's haunts
In days of long ago.

The little quaint old-fashioned town,
The little country street,
The modest house with sheltering porch
Where jasmine blossomed sweet.

The little woman in the house,
Dear Mother was her name :
In sunshine and in darkest days
Her love was just the same.

The merry crowd about the street,
The noisy jolly boys. . . .
Dear Memory, you give me back
Afresh my childhood's joys !

And though unchecked the years advance,
God's mercies still unfold.
He keeps my memory ever young,
So that I grow not old.

WILLIAM H. BATEMAN.

Again

Good-bye to the forests, the cool shady forests,
The fir-trees and pine-trees, the elms and the holly,
Good-bye to the coolness, the fragrance, the beauty,
Good-bye to the games and the pleasures so jolly.

Good-bye to the marshes—the soft sinking marshes,
The lilies, gold lilies that bloomed round the water,
Good-bye to the quiet, the resting, the twilight,
Good-bye to the sunset, its grandeur and hauteur.

Good-bye to the garden—the warm glowing garden,
The red rose, the white rose, the sunflower and aster,
Good-bye to the sunshine, the showers, the fountains,
Good-bye to the brook going faster and faster.

Good-bye to the small lanes—the long winding green
lanes,

Where someone, dear someone, would like me to caper,
Good-bye to the sharing, the loving, the quarrels—
Those quarrels we ended by pen and by paper.

Forget the long evenings, the sweet-scented evenings,
The true love, the sweet bliss that filled me for ever,
Forget the sweet nothings that to me were something,
Forget the pure ecstasy? Never, oh, never!

Remember the new youth—the real and the true youth,
Remember the days when our new life we started,
Remember the failures—the failures we laughed at,
Remember our courage, gay, young and light-hearted.

Pretend it is harvest—a full golden harvest,
That harvest that would be if all had gone rightly,
Delight in the one child, the sweet happy "own child",
And think of it gaily and sweetly and brightly.

Forget he is long dead . . . forget there's no own child,
Forget that dark pain came the sweetness to sever
His spirit is coming, and coming to greet me.
Again I shall find him—and find him for ever.

ANN ANDREWARTHMA.

A Thought of Spring

The snowdrops come, the daisies peep,
Green grasses grow, young lambs they leap,
For Spring is nigh, the air is good,
The buds have come in each green wood ;
But what if the snow should cover all,
With large white flakes, like a white wool shawl ?
But no ! the Spring has come to stay,
With naught but the wind to say him " Nay " ;
So sing, ye sprites, to the pipes of Pan,
Make joyous sound for the ears of man.

NATALIE OLIVE PRICE.

Absence

Dear one, thy lips I always see,
Although thou art so far from me ;
Thy voice, beloved, I always hear,
When courage fails, there is naught to fear
Although we seem so far apart,
Dearest, thou'rt ever in my heart.

NATALIE OLIVE PRICE.

Love Poem

The roses bloom, their scent is sweet
When in the morn my love I greet ;
For June, the month of beauty rare,
Has roses and enough to spare
For posies sweet, when lovers meet,
For one long kiss of love to greet.

NATALIE OLIVE PRICE.

Give Me the Hand

Give me the hand that is honest and true,
The eye that is looking me through and through ;
The hand and the eye where I can discern
The wish to receive an even return.

Give me the light of a cheery smile,
The smile that uncovers the heart awhile ;
So over the space that lies between,
The glow of a friendly heart is seen.

The sun of my mind will gladly rise,
Welcome the freedom where honesty lies,
Thanking the Gods that I retain
A treasure dispelling a load of pain.

The shadows of doubt will turn aside,
While over their going in triumph will glide
A spirit of light to cheer the way,
Bringing the warmth of a summer's day.

H. P. STERCKX.

**A Triumph to
His Most Gracious Majesty
King George V. The Beloved**

Unsought the crown came,
An Empire's crown that owns immortal name.
Not on his head he bore
The mighty emblem, scarred with blood and war.
More deeply held within his quiet heart,
Where strong devotion formed the greater part,
The treasured symbol lay
Through the light and through the darkened day.

No thought of mortal fame
Burnt through the glorious undying flame
That stirred the heart of man,
As though God's reasoning at last began
To teach this world how leadership is great
In love alone that enters the heart's gate
To bring the visions there,
To speak of truth, and lay our passions bare.

Cry out, mankind, and loud !
Ring through the arch of time—say we are proud,
Proud of the humble greatness, and the meek,
Meek and yet mighty love, that lived to seek
Those deeper streams, to teach the hearts of men
How they should live as one, live, and then
Live in love again,
That his great wisdom may not call in vain.

H. P. STERCKX.

Lullaby for a Gypsy Child

Like a wandering shadow
Sleep shall darken your eyes ;
Dreams like soft birds of twilight
Shall nestle in your heart.
No evil thing shall fright you,
Nor any strange dim ghost come near you with its crying,
But lightly upon your eyelids
Shall the warm dusk descend.
Cradled are you like a princeling in loveliness.
The fragrant breath of the night is about you,
The voices of the night shall murmur to you,
And the dark earth be gentle unto you,
Sweet in your sleeping.

NORA WILKINSON.

Fool's Paradise

I have opened my heart to you ;
I have given you the key to the treasure-house
Of my most secret thoughts,
Of my most precious loves,
And you have gazed upon them, wondering.
You have looked at them with the eye of a connoisseur,
Estimating their value with truth and honesty.
I thought you had been prepared to share them with me,
To become a partner in my longings,

To offer me friendship and a little love ;
But when you had seen them all you turned away,
And looking at me with your clear eyes you said :
“ What an interesting collection ! ”

But you took the key away with you in your hand,
And I am locked out from my own heart for ever.

NORA WILKINSON.

Still Life

1914

A light shines down within the golden chamber,
It sheds its beams upon the polished floor ;
One soft touch upon every painted picture,
And one long gleam upon an olden door.

Then, from on high, down falls the folded curtain,
White woven, with a darker Grecian band,
No breath stirs to life its airy lightness,
In long deep lines the gloomy shadows stand.

There, near by, and mirrored in the table,
A Psyche gleams in naked loveliness,
Calm and still, within the golden lamplight.
Not love itself could hold more restfulness.

What to me the magic of the chamber,
The Psyche's grace, the radiance of light ?
There is no voice to call me through the stillness,
There are no arms to hold me through the night.

J. HISTER.

Dartmouth

As Dartmouth men they praise their town so good,
They tell to visitors its history—
Of castle there which as a sentry stood
Through years of pomp, once full of mystery :
Or of those navigators who, with crews,
Once set their sail from this same harbour's room,
And won renown through geographic news
Obtained at Davis Street while waves did boom.

Then they will show the visitors a pile,
A refuge firm to shield from storms and gales,
The Royal Naval College, neat in style,
In which once sojourned Edward, Prince of Wales,
Before he came to rule with sway sublime
O'er Britain's empire rich with distant lands,
Succeeding to his father in God's time,
Obeying as his destiny commands.

And in that college tutors did impart
Fresh knowledge to cadets who then stayed there,
That they might climb fate's ladders from the start
Before they rose to honoured stations rare.
Or Dartmouth men, in saddened tones, will tell
Of dear sons slain in battle's zone so wide,
Who knew the countryside and loved it well,
And 'twas for this, their land, that each one died.

THOMAS WOODS.

Truth

In beacon shape it stands, a sign to cheer,
Above whatever bitter words are said,
To comfort, and to conquer woeful fear
Ere hope the radiant has onward sped.
A lily, scented, delicately white,
Oft grows amidst a cesspool's noisome scum,
Shining as good truth often shines to light
The murky path of scandal's direful hum.

THOMAS WOODS.

In Memory of King George V

INTERPRETATION

To feel and know the ebb and flow
While mind and spirit onward go.
To live and learn, to think and see,
And taste of all with ecstasy !
Oh, life of happiness and pain,
It seems to me the utmost gain—
Since joy and sorrow will not part—
Is . . . service of a faithful heart.

BARBARA CONNOR.

Tahiti

Isle of Tahiti, thy shores are bound
By an endless eddying of sound ;
Eternal song of foam-tipped waves
Flings challenge to each ship that braves
The menace of thy coral reef.

Little green island, girt by the seas,
And richly clad in thy many trees,
The silver fish within thy streams
Swim without fear, and sunshine gleams
On white-winged birds among thy hills.
How peaceful thou art, and free of care
Thy brown-skinned maidens with flowing hair !
Well wast thou called Isle of Delight ¹
By one who loved thy image bright,
And in whose words thy beauty thrills !

Isle of Tahiti, thy shores are bound
By an endless eddying of sound ;
Eternal song of foam-tipped waves
Flings challenge to each ship that braves
The menace of thy coral reef.

BARBARA CONNOR.

¹ Pierre Loti .

War in the Air

Throbbing through the darkness of the night,
Roaring, racing Terror of the Sky,
While below in bedrooms snug
Sleeping families lie.

Downward speeds a shrieking, screaming bomb,
Fearful product of a war-mad mind—
Explodes ! Destruction follows,
Most savage of its kind.

Curling, sinking, swirling poison gas,
Silent, awful messenger of death,
Now descends—its work soon done,
Men gasp in vain for breath.

Loving Saviour, hasten the glad day
When this hideous crime of war shall cease ;
Turn men's hatred into love,
Jesus, Prince of Peace.

H. G. CARPENTER.

Photographs of Audrey

Photographs of Audrey speak to me of love,
Of friendship pure and precious given to us from God
above ;
Photographs of Audrey as I look, you seem to say,
“ I'll love you always, darling, for ever and a day.”

Photographs of Audrey recall a rocky lee

Where we lay, arms entwined, gazing 'cross the sunlit
sea ;

Photographs of Audrey remind me of her charms—

A glimpse of heaven to me each time I hold her in
my arms.

Photographs of Audrey, in my room I've three of you—

The first in Sunday best, demure and sweet ; the
other two

Photographs of Audrey taken down beside the sea,

Her beautiful brown eyes so winsome smiling back at
me.

Photographs of Audrey, trusting, tender, true,

May she hear me as I softly whisper, " Audrey, I
love you,"

And, photographs of Audrey, " When golden locks are
grey

Our romance will not have faded ; we'll be sweet-
hearts for aye."

H. G. CARPENTER.

The Blacksmith

From the workshop, at early dawn,
A tinkling sound went merrily on,
Coming clear as a silver bell.
It was the blacksmith who rang this knell.
Heavy carts went rumbling by,
Women would scold and children cry ;
People walking slackened their pace
And paused to linger near the place.
Neighbours feeling not too brightly
Gradually became more sprightly,
For who but the blacksmith with radiant face
Could make such music about the place ?
Beside him sat a sleek fat cat,
Purring and blinking at this and that ;
In comfort it would idly doze
Between peeps at its master's pose.
None but blithe and honest fellows
Would work on at those weary bellows.
Nothing surly or severe,
But cheerful notes of steel were there.

A. M. CAMPBELL.

Jubilee King

Now in this happy year of grace, the British are rejoicing,
And in the Isle of Erin, too, we wear the Royal Blue.
If you should ask who won the war,

The British Navy will say, " 'Twas we,"
So we'll drink a health and threefold wealth
And up the Royal Blue !

Oh, bravely did they play their part,
The British lads who fought and fell
On the red battlefields of France.

To be a patriot is no shame,
And British soldiers don't deny their name,
No matter with whom they play the game.
They sing a song as they march on :
" We soldiers brave will fight to the grave,
And we won't let the tyrant in.
And though all warriors we are,
We'll strive that peace may spread afar.
So here's a cheer for health and wealth,
And up the Jubilee King ! "

Over the King's Dominions the sunbeams never set,
And for his celebration they shone the finest yet.
London was a lovely sight, with flags and banners gay ;
Cathedral bells were chiming, and the bands began to play
The soldiers marked time as they marched
And gave the Royal salute.
The women and the children,
They played a lively part,
With banners and with badges,
And shouted from their heart.
They cheered for health and a mighty reign
And up the Jubilee King !

NORA CRONIN.

Address to Snowdon

In loneliness I looked upon thy beauty,
And through my soul the strangest passions swept
In slow procession, thoughts of joy and freedom—
I bowed my head in silence and I wept.
O! lovely Mountain wherein lies thy beauty
That to the mind such sweet desires can bring
And lift the spirit from its veil of sadness,
Till overawed in wonder it may sing?
Is it thy breeze? That from the soul hath gathered
The spirit of our Fathers, soul of Wales,
Or are the songs our Land has sung for ages
Brought up by thee from mountain glens and dales.
Is it thy height? That in thy lonely vastness
The soul of man to his Creator kneels,
And lost in wonder feels he must sing praises
To let Thee know he loves Thy work, and feels
Himself a part of that strange mystic plan.
Yet not so great—but only humble MAN?

Is it thy lakes? in deepest blue reflecting
His highest thoughts back through his mystic soul
And broken by the world restores the beauty
To make him what he was, divine and whole.
Is it thy Spirit breathing through the ages?
That through his soul Historic Pageant flows,
'Til lost in dreams and in thy lovely beauty,
His spirit drinks that charm and grows and grows.
A mystic part in God's completed plan.
Yet not so great, but only humble Man.

JACK WILSON JONES.

“ Our King ”

Written on King George V's Death (same day)

Although we grieve for a monarch past,
We feel his presence still is here ;
And now his son rules kingdoms vast,
He'll recall fond thoughts of one most dear.

Our sovereign now, in whose footsteps tread,
He, who ruled with honours bright,
Ah ! let that valiant light now shed
A guidance to make his labours light.

Honoured for noble deed and thought,
Loyalty to those from whom it came ;
What higher aim could guide our king ?
To rule us with loyalty the same ?

Our minds are lightened by the thought, .
That we have a monarch whom we know !
Whose former actions have bewrought,
Confidence, by deeds he'll still bestow.

C. F. L. MOORMAN.

Spring

Oh, the Spring, the Spring is here—
And in woods, by streamlets clear,
Primroses and violets grow—
Windflowers with the breezes blow.

On the green hill's sunny side
Cowslip buds and daisies hide ;
By the brook are kingcups gold,
Young ferns, tiny fronds unfold.

In the moss, like stars they shine—
Stitchwort and wild columbine ;
Cuckoo flowers, bugloss too
Shining like a sea of blue.

Fresh are leaves of small woodbine,
Pussy-willow jackets shine—
On the ground beneath them spread
Violets in a mossy bed.

In the woods, small nests appear,
And the cuckoo we can hear ;
Rabbits frisk upon the heath,
Springing o'er the flowers beneath.

'Neath the shady trees recline
Tiny yellow celandine.
On the heath, the harebells blue
Tinkle in the breeze for you.

On the rising hills so green
Bee-orchids can now be seen ;
Buttercups among the grass
Smile at young lambs as they pass.

Hazel-catkins hanging low,
Shed their dust like falling snow.
Oh, the woodland in the Spring
Is God's very loveliest thing.

OLIVE MARION TAYLOR

It's in Canada

You may hunt the wild world over,
And never be able to find,
Or get a trace of a prettier place
Than the one I have in mind.

The trees there are tall and stately,
With roots that are lapped by a stream
Whose cold waters show it is melted snow,
Which is part of Nature's scheme.

While the water is clear and quiet
In the holes where the cut-throats stay,
It burbles and splashes as onward it dashes
When anything gets in its way.

And the wood has a carpet of flowers,
With spots of bright sunshine between,
It's a pattern rare, with the groundwork there
A pastel shade of green.

Climb to the top of yon foothill
When the morning has just begun,
Where a lake spring-fed o'er the grass is spread
Like a spider's web in the sun.

Or take a walk in the meadows,
Wild flowers are blooming there,
Pick strawberries too that are covered with dew,
When out of the sun's bright glare.

As you lift your eyes to the westward
The mountains look blue in the heat,
While perpetual snow has a tinsel glow
Where the sky and the mountains meet.

You may hunt the wild world over
And never be able to trace,
Or find a spot that's a prettier plot,
Than the E.P., King Edward's Place.

KAY PIKE

To a Firstborn

Oh ! Baby mine, my own, my pet,
Thou canst not understand, as yet,
The joys and sorrows on this earth,
Which come to all, with woe and mirth.

But when they come, 'tis for the best,
Howe'er they come, thy mind must rest,
For God will watch thee, sweet, I know
While thou'rt treading pathways ; sometimes slow.

But thou must conquer life, when sad,
And make thy loved ones round thee glad
That thou wert born on this, God's earth,
To cheer, in sorrow, with joy and mirth.

NATALIE OLIVE PRICE

A Sailor's Lover

My love is far across the sea,
He will ne'er, oh ne'er, come back to me ;
For the waves have wrapt him up in sleep,
Far, far, beneath the foaming deep.
But, his last words in accents clear,
" Love ! I will return, ah ! do not fear,
For God will watch o'er me across the sea
And bring me back again to thee ! "

But he has gone to return no more,
Whilst I wait down on the sandy shore
Until my love shall call me there,
Where there is no more sorrow, no more fear.

NATALIE OLIVE PRICE

" Good Morning "

" Good Morning " takes nothing to say
And often brings a happy day,
Move your lips, just with a smile
Dear Friends, you'll find it well worth while.

And if to walk you are inclined
Keep pleasant thoughts within your mind,
Your face the Index of your Heart
Oft cheers up friendship with a start.

And as we journey day by day
Sunshine and Showers come our way,
A cheerful heart and pleasant smile
Will help us over many a stile.

CARRIE GREENWELL SMITH.

A Word in Season

Now just a word in Season
Just see what good it will do,
Now just a word in Season
It may bring good to you.

Now just a word in Season
May help the troubled Youth,
Now just a word in Season
Far better than reproof.

Now just a word in Season
May strike a pleasant chord,
Now just a word in Season
How oft prevents discord.

CARRIE GREENWELL SMITH.

My Rose in January

Its face was pale, its fragrance sweet,
It had stood the storm, the wind, the sleet,
'Twas full-blown, perfect and complete,
Had ne'er been bartered in the street—
My rose in January !

How lone—how lone my rose—bereft of all her friends,
Defying all her foes—surviving each, and smiling
Through her woes sheds perfume rare,
As in the wind she blows—
My rose in January !

And this, my rose, might well be asked to wade
Through other, fiercer storms—who knows?
Since only the rose abiding December snows
And blooming still, can erstwhile climb a Calvary's hill.
Such is—My rose in January!

How sweet my rose, as lone she blows in January!
How fair her face—how rare her family!
With graces lowly bending, and perfume richly blending,
Her joy to us is sending fair hopes of Life unending—
My rose in January!

And so, I love to think this rose—rare thing—firstborn
Was known in Bethlehem—that in the simple walks of
life
'Mid common folk—it sweetened kettledrum—for ne'er
Such patience e'er was seen, or e'er such tenderness—
As when men looked on Christ in Galilee—
My rose in January!

And when, beneath green olives once He prayed
Shedding great drops of blood as there He stayed—
I learn the meaning of my sweet, fair rose in January,
Since thus—did Love endure to save my soul—
From being derelict!!—my SHARON ROSE—
My Rose in January!!

LAURA A. RAINE.

The Race

We are launched upon Life's racecourse
Don't know why or where,
'Jockeyship' is equal, 'starting' it is fair.
Riding without orders—course
And object hidden—Whence comes
The urge to progress—'Are we led or driven'?
All around this Planet, are peoples taking part—
In each, 'the germ of victory hidden in the heart.
'Tis not till well upon the way
The handicap begins to play
Its part in consciousness. Dimly, reason
Slowly sees the obstacles of you's and me's.
As we ride forever on, the things we do
To help along the others, count!
'Tis vain for us the 'Judge' to ask
The meaning of our lifelong task.
In His good time shall all be known
And we shall reap what we have sown.
Ride not in fear and trembling,
For this was never meant,
But aid a fallen brother
Or one who's nearly spent.
Speed is not the object,
There's no such thing as 'place',
The only thing that matters
Is our conduct in the race.
Then, when our course is ended,
What happiness supreme,
To hear the 'Judge's' voice exclaim,
'Well done'—thy spurs are clean.

R. WATKIN EVANS.

Life Beyond

In life's short hours we live and hope
That the world we travel is sure,
We think and probe, we feel and grope,
As we ebb near the eternal shore.

Then in the dawning of life's day,
When darkness leaves our sight,
Our eyes are opened, and the long delay
Will bring a brilliant light.

We shall meet the eyes of a scorching sight,
That shall banish fear from our hearts,
We shall feel the touch of a magnetic might
That a yearning love imparts.

When our wearied souls, which have fought and feared,
Striven to obviate self,
Will grasp the hand that has given and cheered
With a vigorous, generous help.

So let us play up, and play the game,
In fair weather or in foul,
Nor worry and care for earthly fame,
Bring a smile where you fear a scowl.

Years pass on, nor never return,
They are sealed with secret bond,
Which will ever remain silent and stern--
Your pass to the Life Beyond.

ELIZABETH FULLERTON.

A Song of Degrees

Alone upon a leafless tree,
A little bullfinch swung,
The chill wind sighed and whistled round
The branch to which he clung.

A few soft notes and one short trill
Was all his heart could sing,
Yet deep within his breast there stirred
The thrill of coming Spring.

All through the Winter's cold, hard grasp,
Alone his spirit strove,
But e'en the chill wind whispered now,
Of sunshine, warmth and love.

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Two birds upon a leafy tree,
Bathed in the summer sun,
One tiny throat pours forth a song,
Coming from two as one.

M. K. HUGGARD.

“ . . . Ye do it unto Me ”

Blithely my Soul burst into song,
It found a golden Heav'n,
As jauntily I walked along
The flower-filled lanes of Devon.
The air with fragrance sweet was charged,
My heart was purified ;
I felt the world I knew, enlarged,
The wants I had, supplied.
And just as I was dreaming yet
Of God's most gracious love,
As marking how a blackbird jet
Took wingéd flight above,
My rev'rie broke, a gentle prod
Brought mundane thoughts again.
I rose supreme, an Earthly God,
To shrink with cold disdain
A common tramp, a begging lout
Who'd stole my Spirit's wealth.
“ Go on,” I loudly cried, “ get out
The sooner for your health ! ”
He looked surprised and shuffling bent,
And as he did he sighed.
From then my Heav'nly vision went.
Lord, tell me why it died !

D. DAVIE-DISTIN.

Faith

'Twas a great and mighty hill,
I gazed at from the plain,
In majesty, and yet so still
For ever 'twould remain.
So still ; and yet a prayer could move
That mountain to the sea,
For faithful hope, with constant love,
Perfect infinity ;
Can make a task, though it appears
To be beyond our ken,
With faith o'ercoming doubtful fears,
To be accomplished then.

B. WRAY.

Fame

I sought ; and seeking, missed the path
That I set out to find,
'Twas rocks, and boulders barred my way,
And brambles me entwined.
I could not climb the heights above,
And falling, weary, lame,
I found at last ; not that I sought,
Just self advancement, fame ;
But found I now my humble self,
'Twas better than a name,
A Name, known to the world around
To oft at bitter cost,
But peace of mind, at last I'd found,
'Twas that ; which I had lost.

B. WRAY.

